

THE
TOWN-FOPP:

OR,

Sir Timothy Tawdrey.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at his Royal Highness the
DUKE's THEATRE.

Written by Mrs. A. BEHN.

LONDON,

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P R O L O G U E.

AS Countrey Squire, who yet had never known
 The long expected joy of being in Town;
 Whose careful Parents scarce permitted Heir
 To Ride from Home, unless to neighbouring Fair:
 At last by happy Chance is hither led
 To purchase Clap with loss of Maidenhead;
 Turns wond'rous Gay, bedizen'd to Excess,
 Till he is all Burlesque in Mode and Dress:
 Learns to talk loud in Pit, grows wily too,
 That is to say, makes mighty noise, and show.

So a young Poet who had never been
 Dabbling beyond the height of Ballading;
 Who, in his brisk Essays, durst ne're excel
 The lucky flight of Rhiming Doggerel,
 Sets up with this sufficient Stock, on Stage,
 And has, perchance, the luck to please the Age;
 He draws you in, like cozening Citizen,
 Cares not how bad the Ware, if Shop be fine.

As tawdry Gown and Petticoat gain more
 (Tho' on a dull diseas'd ill-favour'd Whore)
 Than prettier Frugal, tho' on Holy-day,
 When every City Spark has leave to Play,
 ----Damn Her, she must be Sound, she is so Gay.

So let the Scenes be fine, you'l ne're inquire
 For Sence, but lofty flights in nimble Wire.
 ----What we present to Day is none of these;
 But we could wish it were, for we wou'd please,
 And that you'l swear we hardly meant to do:
 Yet here's no Sence; Pox on't, but here's no Show;
 But a plain Story, that will give a taste
 Of what your Grandfres lov'd i'th Age that's past.

Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Plotwell

Bellmour

Charles

Friendlove

Sir Timothy Tawdrey

Sham

Sharp

Trusty

**Page, and Dancers, and Ser-
vants.**

{ Nephew to the Lord *Plotwell*, Contracted
to *Celinda*.

Brother to *Bellmour*.

Brother to *Celinda*, in Love with *Diana*.

{ A Fopp Knight, design'd to Marry *Ce-
linda*.

{ Hangers on to Sir *Timothy*.

An old Steward to *Bellmour*'s Family.

The Lady Diana

Celinda

Phillis

Betty Flauntit

Driver

Jenny

Doll

Nurse.

Niece to the Lord *Plotwell*.

{ Sister to *Friendlove*, Contracted to *Bell-
mour*.

Sister to *Bellmour*.

Kept by Sir *Timothy*.

A Bawd.

{ Two Whores.

SCENE *Covent-Garden.*

T H E
T O W N - F O P P :
O R ,
S i r T i m o t h y T a w d r e y .

A C T I. S C E N E I. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sham and Sharp.

Sir Tim. **H**ereabouts is the House wherein dwells the Mistriss of my Heart; for she has Money, Boys, mind me, Money in abundance, or she were not for me----- the Wench her self is good natur'd, and Inclind to be civil; but a Pox on't----- She has a Brother, a conceited Fellow, whom the world mistakes for a fine Gentleman; for he has Travell'd, talks Languages, bows with a *bone meine*, and the rest, but by Fortune, he shall entertain you with nothing but words-----

Sham. Nothing else?-----

Sir Tim. No----- He's no Country Squire Gentlemen, will not Game, Whore; nay, in my Conscience, you will hardly get your selves Drunk in his Company----- He Treats A-la-mode, half Wine, half Water, and the rest----- But to the business, this Fellow loves his Sister dearly, and will not trust her in this lewd Town, as he calls it, without him, and hither he has brought her to marry me.

Sham. A Pox upon him for his pains-----

Sir Tim. So say I----- But my Comfort is, I shall be as weary of her, as the best Husband of 'em all. But there's Conveniency in it; besides, the Match being as good as made up by the old Folks in the Countrey, I must submit----- The Wench I never saw yet, but they say she's handfom--- But no matter for that, there's Money, my Boys!

Sharp. Well Sir, we will follow you----- but as dolefully as People do their Friends to the Grave, from whence they're never to return, at least not the same Substance, the thin airy Vision of a brave Good Fellow, we may see thee hereafter, but that's the most.

Sir Tim. Your Pardor, sweet *Sharp*, my whole Design in it is to be Master
B of

of my self, and with part of her Portion to set up my Miss, *Betty Flauntit*, which, by the way, is the main end of my Marrying, the rest you'll have your shares of—— Now I am forc'd to take you up Suits at treble Prizes, have damn'd Wine and Meat put upon us, 'cause the Reckoning is to be Book'd: But ready Money, ye Rogues! What Charms it has! Makes the Waiters flie Boys, and the Master with Cap in hand---- excuse what's amiss, Gentlemen---- Your Worship shall command the best---- and the rest---- How briskly the Box and Dice dance, and the ready Money submits to the lucky Gamester, and the gay Wench consults with every Beauty to make her self agreeable to the Man with ready Money. In fine, dear Rogues! All things are sacrific'd to it's Pow'r; and no Mortal conceives the Joy of, Argent Content. 'Tis this pow'rful God that makes me submit to the Devil Matrimony; and then thou art assur'd of me, my stout Lads of brisk Debauch.

Sham. And is it possible you can be ty'd up to a Wife? Whil'st here in *London*, and free, you have the whole World to range in, and like a wanton Heifer, eat of every Pasture.

Sir Tim. Why, dost think I'll be confin'd to my own dull Enclosure? No, I had rather feed coarsly upon the boundless Common; perhaps two or three days I may be in Love, and remain constant, but that's the most.

Sharp. And in three Weeks, should you Wed a *Cynthia*, you'd be a Monster.

Sir Tim. What, thou meanest a Cuckold, I warrant? God help thee! But a Monster is only so from its Rarity, and a Cuckold is no such strange thing in our Age.

Enter Bellmour and Friendlove.

But who comes here?

Bellmour! Ah my little dear Rogue! How dost thou!

----- *Ned Friendlove* too! Dear Lad, how dost thou too?

Why welcome to Town i' faith, and I'm glad to see you both.

Friend. *Sir Tim.* *Tawdrey!*-----

Sir Tim. The same, by Fortune, dear *Ned*: And how, and how Man, how go matters?

Friend. Between who, Sir?

Sir Tim. Why any body, Man: But by Fortune, I'm overjoy'd to meet thee: But where dost think I was going?

Friend. Is't possible one shou'd divine?

Sir Tim. Is't possible you shou'd not, and meet me so near your Sister's Lodgings? Faith I was coming to pay my Respects and Services, and the rest---- Thou know'st my meaning----- The old business of the Silver World, *Ned*; by Fortune it's a mad Age we live in, *Ned*, and here be so many----- wicked Rogues, about this damn'd lewd Town, that, 'Faith, I am fain to speak, in the vulgar modish stile, in my own defence, and rally Matrimony, and the rest.

Friend. Matrimony!----- I hope you are so exactly refin'd a Man of the Town, that you will not offer once to think of so dull a thing; let that alone for such cold Complexions as *Bellmour* here, and I, that have not attain'd to that most excellent faculty of keeping yet, as you, *Sir Timothy*, have done, much to your glory, I assure you.

Sir Tim

Sir Tim. Who I, Sir? You do me much Honour: I must confess I do not find the softer Sex cruel; I am received as well as another Man of my Parts.

Friend. Of your Money, you mean, Sir.

Sir Tim. Why Faith *Ned*, thou art i'th' right; I love to buy my pleasure; for, by Fortune, there's as much pleasure in Vanity and Variety, as any Sins I know; What think'st thou *Ned*?

Friend. I am not of your mind, I love to love upon the square; and that I may be sure not to be cheated with false Ware, I present 'em nothing but my heart.

Sir Tim. Yes, and have the Consolation, of seeing your frugal Husbwifery Miss fit in the Pit, at a Play, in a long Scarf and Night-gown, for want of Points, and Garniture.

Friend. If she be clean, and pretty, and drest in Love, I can excuse the rest, and so will she.

Sir Tim. I vow to Fortune *Ned*, thou must come to London, and be a little manag'd: Slife, Man, should'st thou talk so aloud in good Company, thou would'st be counted a strange Fellow. Pretty-----and drest with Love-----a fine Figure, by Fortune: No, *Ned*, the painted Chariot gives a Lustre to every ordinary Face, and makes a Woman look like Quality; ay, so like, by Fortune, that you shall not know one from t'other, till some scandalous, out-of-favor'd-laid-aside-Fellow of the Town, cry-----Damn her, for a Bitch-----how scornfully the Whore regards me-----She has forgot since, *Jack*-----such a one, and I, club'd for the keeping of her, when both our Stocks, well manag'd, would not amount to above seven shillings six pence a week? Besides now and then a Treat of a Breast of Mutton, from the next Cooks-----Then the other laughs, and cries-----I-----Rot her-----And tells his Story too, and concludes with, who manages the Gilt now? Why Faith some dismal Coxcomb or other, you may be sure, replies the first: But *Ned*, these are Rogues, and Rascals, that value no Mans Reputation, because they despise their own: But Faith, I have laid aside all these Vanities, now I have thought of Matrimony; but I desire my Reformation may be a secret, because, as you know, for a Man of my Address, and the rest-----'Tis not altogether so Jantee.

Friend. Sir, I assure you, it shall be so great a Secret for me, that I will never ask you who the happy Woman is, that's chosen for this great work of your Conversion.

Sir Tim. Ask me!-----No, you need not, because you know already.

Friend. Who I? I protest Sir *Timothy*-----

Sir Tim. No Swearing, dear *Ned*, for 'tis not such a Secret, but I will trust my Intimates; these are my Friends, *Ned*, pray know them-----This Mr. *Sham*, and this-----by fortune, a very honest Fellow [*Bows to 'em.*] Mr. *Sharp*, and may be trusted with a business that concerns you as well as me.

Friend. Me? What do you mean, Sir *Timothy*?

Sir Tim. Why Sir, you know what I mean.

Friend. Not I, Sir.

Sir Tim. What, not that I am to marry your Sister *Cellinda*?

Friend. Not at all.

Bell. O this unsufferable Sott!

Friend. My Sister, Sir, is very nice.

Sir Tim. That's all one, Sir, the old People have adjusted the matter, and they are the most proper for a Negotiation of that kind, which saves us the trouble of a tedious Courtship.

Friend. That the old People have agreed the matter, is more than I know.

Sir Tim. Why Lord Sir, will you persuade me to that? Don't you know that your Father (according to the method in such cases, being certain of my Estate) came to me thus—*Sir Timothy Tawdrey!*—You are a young Gentleman, and a Knight, I knew your Father well, and my right worshipful Neighbor, our Estates lie together, therefore Sir, I have a desire to have a near Relation with you—At which, I interrupted him, and cry'd—Oh Lord Sir! I vow to Fortune, you do me the the greatest Honor Sir, and the rest—

Bell. I can endure no more; he marry fair *Celinda*!

Friend. Prethee let him alone.

[*Aside.*

Sir Tim. To which he answer'd—I have a good Fortune—Have but my Son *Ned*, and this Girl, call'd *Celinda*, whom I will make a Fortune, suitable to yours; your honoured Mother, the Lady *Tawdrey*, and I, have as good as concluded the Match already. To which I (who, tho' I say it, am well enough bred for a Knight) answer'd the Civility thus—I vow to Fortune Sir—I did not swear but cry'd—I protest Sir, *Celinda*, deserves—no, no, I lye again, 'twas merits—I, *Celinda*—merits a much better Husband than I.

Friend. You speak more truth than you are aware of.

[*Aside.*

Well, Sir, I'll bring you to my Sister, and if she likes you, as well as my Father does, she's yours; otherwise, I have so much tenderness for her, as to leave her choice free.

Sir Tim. Oh, Sir, you Compliment. *Alons, Entrons.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Chamber.

Enter Celinda, and Nurse.

Cel. I wonder my Brother stays so long; sure Mr. *Bellmour* is not yet arriv'd, yet he sent us word he would be here to day. Lord how impatient I grow!

Nur. Ay, so methinks; if I had the hopes of enjoying so sweet a Gentleman as Mr. *Bellmour*, I shou'd be so too—But I am past it—Well, I have had my pantings, and heavings, my impatience, and qualms, my heats, and my colds, and my I know not whats—But I thank, my stars, I have done with all those Fooleries.

Cel. Fooleries!—

Is there any thing in this Life but Love?
Wou'dst thou praise Heaven for thy Being,
Without that grateful part of it?
For I confess I Love.

Nur. You need not, your sighs, and daily (nay, and nightly too) disorders, plainly enough betray the truth.

Cel. Thou speak'st as if it were a Sin?
But if it be so, you your self help'd to make me wicked.

For

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY.

5

For e're I saw Mr. *Bellmour*, you spoke the kindest things of him,
As would have mov'd the dullest Maid to Love;
And e're I saw him, I was quite undone.

Nur. Quite undone! Now God forbid it: What, for Loving?
You said but now there was no life without it.

Cel. But since my Brother came from *Italy*,
And brought young *Bellmour* to our house,
How very little thou hadst said of him;
How much above thy praise, I found the Youth?

Nur. Very pretty! You are grown a notable Proficient in Love—— And
you are resolv'd (if he please) to Marry him.

Cel. Or I must dye.

Nur. I, but you know the Lord *Plotwell* has the possession of all his Estate,
and if he Marry without his liking, has power to take away all his Fortune,
and then I think it were not so good Marrying him.

Cel. Not Marrying him? Oh, canst thou think so poorly of me?
Yes, I wou'd Marry him, tho' our scanty Fortune

Cou'd onely purchase us

A loanly Cottage, in some silent place,
All cover'd o're with Thatch,
Defended from the Outrages of Storms
By leafless Trees, in Winter; and from Heat,
With Shades, which their kind Boughs wou'd bear anew,
Under whose Covert we'd feed our gentle Flock,
That shou'd in gratitude repay us Food,
And mean and humble Cloathing.

Nur. Very fine!

Cel. There we wou'd practise such degrees of Love,
Such lasting, innocent, unheard of Joyes,
As all the busie World shou'd wonder at,
And, amidst all their Glories, find none such.

Nur. Good lack! how prettily Love teaches his Scholars to prattle?——
But hear ye, fair Mrs. *Celinda*, you have forgot to what end and purpose you
came to Town, not to Marry Mr. *Bellmour*, as I take it—— but Sir *Timothy*
Tawdrey, that Spark of Merit.

Cel. Oh name him not——Let me not in one moment
Descend from Heaven to Hell——
How came that wretched thing into thy Noddle?

Nur. Faith, Mistress, I took pity of thee, I saw you so elevated with thoughts
of Mr. *Bellmour*, I found it necessary to take you down a degree lower.

Cel. Why did not Heaven make all Men like to *Bellmour*?
So strangely sweet and charming!

Nur. Marry come up, you speak for your self;
Oh intolerable loving Creature!
But here comes the utmost of your Wishes.

Cel. My Brother, and *Bellmour*! with strange Men!

Enter

The TOWN-FOPP: Or,

Enter Friendlove, Bellmour, Sir Timothy, Sham, and Sharp.

Friend. Sister, I've brought you here a Lover, this is the worthy person you have heard of, *Sir Timothy Tawdrey.*

Sir Tim. Yes, faith Madam, I am *Sir Timothy Tawdrey*, at your service----- Pray are not you *Mrs. Cellinda Drefswell*?

Cel. The same, but cannot return your Compliment.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord, oh Lord, not return a Compliment. Faith, *Ned*, thy Sister's quite spoil'd, for want of Town Education, 'tis pity, for she's Devilish pretty.

Friend. She's modest, Sir, before Company; therefore these Gentlemen and I will withdraw into the next Room.

Cel. Inhumane Brother! Will you leave me alone with this Sott?

Friend. Yes, and if you would be rid of the trouble of him, be not coy, nor witty; two things he hates.

Bell. 'Sdeath! Must she be blown upon by that Fool?

Friend. Patience, dear *Frank*, a little while.

[*Exeunt Friendl. Bell. Sham and Sharp.*]

[*Sir Timothy walks about the Room, expelling when Celinda should speak.*]

Cel. Oh dear Nurse, what shall I do?

Nur. I that ever help you at a dead Lift, will not fail you now.

Sir Tim. What a Pox, not a word?

Cel. Sure this Fellow believes I'll begin.

Sir Tim. Not yet—sure she has spoke her last—

Nur. The Gentleman's good natur'd, and has took pity on you, and will not trouble you, I think.

Sir Tim.—Hey day, here's Wooing indeed—Will she never begin trow--- This some would call an excellent quality in her Sex—But a Pox on't, I do not like it—Well, I see I must break silence at last—Madam—*not answer me—*fhaw, this is meer ill breeding—by Fortune—*it can be nothing else—*Oh my Conscience, if I should kiss her, she would not bid me stand off—I'll try—

Nur. Hold, Sir, you mistake your Mark.

Sir Tim. So I should, if I were to look in thy mouldy Chaps, good Matron—Can your Lady speak?

Nur. Try, Sir.

Sir Tim. Which way?

Nur. Why speak to her first.

Sir Tim. I never knew a Woman want a Cue for that; but all that I have met with, were still before-hand with me, in tittle rattle.

Nur. Likely those you have met with may, but this is no such Creature, Sir.

Sir Tim. I must confess, I am unus'd to this kind of Dialogue; And I am an Ass, if I know what to say to such a Creature.

—But come, will you answer me to one Question?

Cel. If I can, Sir.

Sir Tim. But first I should ask you if you can speak?
For that's a Question too.

Cel. And if I cannot, how will you be answer'd?

Sir Tim. Faith that's right? why then you must do't by signs.

Cel. But grant I can speak, what is't you'll ask me?

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Can you Love?

Cel. Oh yes, Sir, many things; I love my Meat, I love abundance of Adorers, I love choice of new Cloaths, new Plays, and, like a right Woman, I love to have my Will.

Sir Tim. Spoke like a well-bred person, by Fortune: I see there's hopes of thee, *Celinda*; thou wilt in time learn to make a very fashionable Wife, having so much Beauty too. I see Attracts, and Allurements, wanton Eyes, the languishing turn of the Head, and all that invites to Temptation.

Cel. Would that please you in a Wife?

Sir Tim. Please me! Why, Madam, what do you take me to be? a Sott?—a Fool?—or a dull *Italian*, of the humour of your Brother?—No, no, I can assure you, she that Marries me, shall have Franchise—But my pretty Miss, you must learn to talk a little more—

Cel. I have not Wit, and Sense enough, for that.

Sir Tim. Wit! Oh la, O la, Wit! as if there were any Wit requir'd in a Woman when she talks; no, no matter for Wit, or Sense: talk but loud, and a great deal, to shew your white teeth, and smile, and be very confident, and 'tis enough—Lord, what a sight 'tis to see a pretty Woman stand right up an end in the middle of a Room, playing with her Fan, for want of something to keep her in countenance. No, she that is mine, I will teach to entertain at another rate.

Nur. How, Sir? Why, what do you take my young Mistress to be?

Sir Tim. A Woman—and a fine one, and so fine as she ought to permit her self to be seen, and be ador'd.

Nur. Out upon you, would you expose your Wife; by my troth, and I were she, I know what I would do—

Sir Tim. Thou do—what thou wouldst have done sixty Years ago, thou meanest.

Nur. Marry come up, for a stinking Knight, worse than I have gone down with you, e're now—Sixty Years ago, quoth ye—As old as I am—I live without Surgeons, wear my own Hair, am not in Debt to my Taylor, as thou art, and art fain to kiss his Wife, to persuade her Husband to be merciful to thee—who wakes thee every morning with his Clamour and long Bills, at thy Chamber-door.

Sir Tim. Prithee good Matron, Peace. I'll Compound with thee.

Nur. 'Tis more than thou wilt do with thy Creditors, who, poor Souls, despair of a Groat in the Pound for all thou ow'st them, for Points, Lace, and Garniture—for all, in fine, that makes thee a complete Fopp.

Sir Tim. Hold, hold, thy eternal Clack.

Nur. And when none would trust thee farther, give Judgments for twice the Money thou borrowest, and swear thy self at Age; and lastly—to patch up your broken Fortune, you would fain Marry my sweet Mistress *Celinda* here—But, Faith, Sir, you're mistaken, her Fortune shall not go to the maintenance of your Misses, which being once sure of, she, poor Soul, is sent down to the Countrey-house, to learn Housewifery, and live without Mankind, unless she can serve her self with the handfom Steward, or so—whilst you tear it away in Town, and live like Man and Wife with your Jilt, and are every

every day seen in the Glass Coach, whilst your own natural Lady is hardly worth the Hire of a Hack.

Sir Tim. Why thou damnable confounded torment, wilt thou never cease?

Nur. No, not till you raise your Siege, and be gone; go march to your Lady of Love, and debauch——go—— You get no *Celinda* here.

Sir Tim. The Devil's in her tongue.

Cel. Good gentle Nurse, have mercy upon the poor Knight.

Nur. No more Mistresses, than he'll have on you, if Heaven had so abandon'd you, to put you into his power——Mercy——quoth ye——no, no more than his Mistresses will have, when all his money's gone.

Sir Tim. Will she never end? *Cel.* Prethee forbear.

Nur. No more than the Usurer would, to whom he has mortgag'd his best part of his Estate, would forbear a day after the promis'd payment of the money. Forbear——

Sir Tim. Not yet end: Can I, Madam, give you a greater proof of my Passion for you, than to endure this for your sake?

Nur. This——thou art so sorry a creature, thou wilt endure any thing, for the lucre of her Fortune; 'tis that thou hast a Passion for: not that thou carest for money, but to sacrifice to thy lewdness, to purchase a Mistress, to purchase the Reputation of as errant a Fool as ever arriv'd at the honour of keeping, to purchase a little Grandeur, as you call it; that is, to make every one look at thee, and consider what a Fool thou art, who else might pass unregarded amongst the common Crowd.

Sir Tim. The Devil's in her tongue, and so 'tis in most Women's of her Age; for when 't has quitted the Tail, it repairs to her upper Tire.

Nur. Do not persuade me, Madam, I am resolv'd to make him weary of his Wooing.

Sir Tim. So God be prais'd the storm is laid—— And now Mrs. *Celinda*, give me leave to ask you, if it be with your leave, this affront is put on a Man of my Quality?

Nur. Thy Quality——

Sir Tim. Yes; I am a Gentleman, and a Knight.

Nur. Yes, Sir, Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance is it?

Sir Tim. You are beholding to *Don Quixot* for that, and 'tis so many Ages since thou couldst see to read, I wonder thou hast not forgot all that ever belong to Books.

Nur. My Eye-sight is good enough to see thee in all thy colours, thou Knight of the Burning Pestle thou.

Sir Tim. Ahen, that was out of a Play——heark ye, Witch of *Ender*, hold your prating tongue, or I shall most well-favour'dly cudgel ye.

Nur. As your Friend the Hostess has it in a Play too, I take it, Ends which you pick up behind the Scenes, when you go to be laugh'd at even by the Player Women.

Sir Tim. Wilt thou have done? By Fortune, I'll endure no more.

Nur. Murder, Murder.

Cel. Hold, hold.

[A Letter.

Enter

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY.

9

Enter Friendlove, Bellmour, Sham and Sharp.

Friend. Read here the worst of News, that can arrive,
 ————What's the matter here? ———— Why how now [Gives Bellm.
 a Letter.

Sir Timothy; what, up in Arms with the Women?

Sir Tim. Oh Ned, I'm glad thou'rt come ———— never was Tom Dove baited as I have been.

Friend. By whom? my Sister.

Sir Tim. No, no, that old Mastiff there; ———— the young Whelp came not on, thanks be prais'd.

Bell. How, her Father here to morrow, and here he says, that shall be the last moment, he will defer the Marriage of *Celinda* to this Sott ———— Oh God, I shall grow mad, and so undo 'em all ———— I'll kill the Villain at the Alter ———— By my lost hopes I will ———— And yet there is some left ———— Could I but ———— speak to her ———— I must relie on *Drestwells* friendship ———— Oh God, to morrow ———— Can I endure that thought ———— Can I endure to see the Traytor there, who must to morrow rob me of my Heaven ———— I'll own my Flame ———— and boldy tell this Fopp, she must be mine ————

Friend. I assure you, Sir Timothy, I am sorry, and will chastise her.

Sir Tim. Ay Sir, I that am a Knight ———— a Man of Parts and Wit, and one that is to be your Brother, and design'd to be the glory of marrying *Celinda*.

Bell. I can endure no more ———— How Sir ———— You marry fair *Celinda*!

Sir Tim. Ay, *Frank*, Ay ———— Is she not a pretty little plump white Rogue, hah

Bell. Yes.

Sir Tim. Oh, I had forgot, thou art a modest Rogue, and to thy eternal shame, hadst never the Reputation of a Mistress ———— Lord, Lord, that I could see thee address thy self to a Lady ———— I fancy thee a very ridiculous Figure, in that posture, by Fortune.

Bell. Why, Sir ———— I can Court a Lady ————

Sir Tim. No, no, thou'rt modest; that is to say, a Country Gentleman; that is to say, Ill-bred; that is to say, a Fool by Fortune, as the World goes.

Bell. Neither, Sir ———— I can Love ———— and tell it too ———— and that you may believe me ———— look on this Lady, Sir.

Sir Tim. Look on this Lady, Sir ———— Ha, ha, ha ———— Well, Sir ————

Well, Sir ———— And what then ———— Bell. Nay, view her well, Sir ————

Sir Tim. Pleasant this ———— Well *Frank*, I do ———— And what then?

Bell. Is she not charming Fair ———— Fair to a wonder!

Sir Tim. Well Sir, 'tis granted ————

Bell. And canst thou think this Beauty meant for thee, for thee, dull common Man?

Sir Tim. Very well, what will he say next?

Bell. I say, let me no more see thee approach this Lady.

Sir Tim. How Sir, how?

Bell. Not speak to her, not look on her ———— by Heaven ———— not think of her.

Sir Tim. How *Frank*, art in earnest?

Bell. Try, if thou dar'st? Sir Tim. Not think of her ————

Bell. No, not so much as in a Dream, could I Divine it.

Sir Tim. Is he in earnest, Mr. *Friendlove*?

Friend. I doubt so, Sir Timothy.

C

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. What, does he then pretend to your Sister?

Bell. Yes, and no Man else shall dare do so.

Sir Tim. Take notice I am affronted in your Lodgings—— for you *Bellmour*—— You take me for an Ass—— therefore meet me to morrow morning about 5, with your Sword in your hand, behind *Southampton House*.

Bell. 'Tis well—— there we'll dispute our Title to *Celinda*. [Exit.

Dull Animal! Ye Gods could ne're Decree

So bright a Maid shou'd be possess'd by thee.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I. A Palace.

Enter Nurse with a Light.

Nur. **W**ELL, 'tis an endless trouble, to have the Tuition of a Maid in Love; here is such Wishing and Longing—— And yet one must force them to what they most desire, before they will admit of it—— Here am I sent out a Scout of the Forlorn Hope, to discover the approach of the Enemy—— Well—— *Mr. Bellmour*, you are not to know, 'tis with the consent of *Celinda*, that you come—— I must bear all the blame, what mischief soever comes of these Night-works.

Enter Bellmour.

Oh are you come—— Your hour was Twelve, and now 'tis almost Two.

Bell. I could not get from *Friendlove*—— Thou hast not told *Celinda* of my coming.

Nur. No, no, e'en make peace for me, and your self too.

Bell. I warrant thee Nurse—— Oh how I hope and fear this nights success!

[Exit.

SCENE a Chamber.

Celinda in her Night Attire, leaning on a Table.

Enter to her Bellmour and Nurse.

Cel. Oh Heavens! *Mr. Bellmour* at this late hour in my Chamber!

Bell. Yes, Madam; but will approach no nearer till you permit me; And sure you know my Soul too well to fear.

Cel. I do Sir, and you may approach yet nearer, And let me know your business.

Bell. Love is my business, that of all the world. Only my Flame as much surmounts the rest As is the Objects Beauty, I adore.

Cel. If this be all, to tell me of your Love, To morrow might have done as well.

Bell. Oh no, to morrow would have been too late, Too late to make returns to all my pain.

-----What

—What disagreeing thing offends your Eyes ?

I've no Deformity about my Person ;
I'm Young, and have a Fortune great as any
That do pretend to serve you ?
And yet I find my interest in your heart,
Below those happy ones that are my Rivals:
Nay, every Fool that can but plead his Title,
And the poor interest that a Parent gives him,
Can merit more than I.

—What else, my lovely Maid, can give a freedom
To that same talking, idle Knighted Fopp.

Cel. Oh, if I am so wretched to be his,
Surely I cannot live ;
For, Sir, I must confess I cannot love him.

Bell. But thou may'st do as bad, and marry him,
And that's a sin, I cannot over-live.

—No, hear my Vows—

Cel. But are you, Sir, in earnest ?

Bell. In earnest ? Yes, by all that's good I am ;
I Love you more than I do Life, or Heav'n !

Cel. Oh what a pleasure 'tis to hear him say so !
—But pray, how long Sir, have you Lov'd me so ?

[*Aside.*

Bell. From the first moment that I saw your Eyes,
Your charming killing Eyes, I did adore 'em,
And ever since have languish'd day and night.

Nur. Come, come, ne're stand asking of questions,
But follow your inclinations, and take him at his word.

Bell. *Celinda*, take her counsel,
Perhaps this is the last opportunity ;
Nay, and by Heaven the last of all my Life,
If you refuse me now—

Say, will you never marry Man but me ?

Cel. Pray give me till to morrow, Sir, to answer you ;
For I have yet some fears about my Soul
That take away my Rest.

Bell. To morrow ! You must then marry—— oh fatal word !
Another ! a Beast, a Fool, that knows not how to value you.

Cel. Is't possible my Fate shou'd be so near ?

Nur. Nay then dispose of your self, I say, and leave dissembling ; 'tis high
time.

Bell. This night the Letter came, the dreadful News
Of thy being married, and to morrow too.
Oh answer me, or I shall die with fear.

Cel. I must confess it, Sir, without a blush,
(For 'tis no sin to love) that I cou'd wish——
Heaven and my Father, were inclin'd my way.
But I am all Obedience to their Wills.

Bell. That Sigh was kind,
But e're to morrow this time,
You'll want this pitying sense, and feel no pantings,
But those which Joys and Pleasures do create.

Cel. Alas Sir! what is't you'd have me do?

Bell. Why—— I wou'd have you Love, and after that
You need not be instructed what to do.
Give me your Faith, give me your Solemn Vow
To be my Wife, and I shall be at peace.

Cel. Have you consider'd, Sir, your own condition,
'Tis in your Uncles power to take your Fortune,
If in your choice you disobey his Will.

-----And Sir, you know that mine is much below you.

Bell. Oh I shall calm his Rage,
By urging so much Reason as thy Beauty,
And my own Flame, on which my Life depends.

-----He now has kindly sent for me to *London*;
I fear his bus'ness-----

Yet if you'll yield to marry me,
We'll keep it secret, till our kinder Stars
Have made provision for the blest discovery.
Come, give me your Vows, or we must part for ever.

Cel. Part! oh 'tis a fatal word!

I will do any thing to save that Life,
To which my own so nearly is ally'd.

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. So forward Sister!

Bell. Ha! *Friendlove*!

Friend. Was it so kindly done to gain my Sister
Without my knowledge?

Bell. Ah *Friend*! 'Twas from her self alone
That I wou'd take the blessing which I ask.

Friend. And I'll assist her, Sir, to give it you.
Here, take him as an Honour, and be thankful.

Bell. I as a blessing sent from Heaven receive her,
And e're I sleep will justify my Claim,
And make her mine.

Friend. Be not so hasty, *Friend*:
Endeavour first to reconcile your Uncle to't.

Bell. By such delays we're lost: Hast thou forgot?
To morrow she's design'd another's Bride!

Friend. For that let me alone to evade.

Bell. If you must yet delay me,
Give me leave not to interest such wealth without security.

And I *Celinda* will instruct you how to satisfy my fears. [*Kneels, and takes*
Bear witness to my Vows----- *her by the hand.*

May every Plague that Heaven inflicts on Sin,

Fall

Fall down in thunder on my head,
If e're I marry any but *Celinda*,
Or, if I do not marry thee, fair Maid.

Nur. Heartily sworn as I vow.

Cel. And here I wish as solemnly the same.

—May all arrive to me,

If e're I marry any Man but *Bellmour*!

Nur. We are Witnesses as good as a thousand.

Friend. But now, my Friend, I'd have you take your leave, the day comes on apace, and you've not seen your Uncle since your arrival.

Bell. 'Tis death to part with thee, my fair *Celinda*;
But our heard Fates impose this Separation;

—Farewell—Remember thou'rt all mine.

Cel. What have I else of joy to think upon—

—Go—go—depart.

Bell. I will—but 'tis as Misers part with Gold,
Or People full of Health depart from Life.

Friend. Go, Sister, to your Bed, and dream of him. [Ex. *Cel. and Nurse.*

Bell. Whilst I prepare to meet this Fop to fight him.

Friend. Hang him, he'll ne'er meet thee; to beat a Watch, or kick a Drawer,
or batter Windows, is the highest pitch of Valour he e're arriv'd to.

Bell. However I'll expect him, lest he be Fool-hardy enough to keep his word.

Friend. Shall I wait on thee?

Bell. No, no, there's no need of that—Good morrow, my best Friend.

Friend. But e're you go, my dearest Friend and Brother,

Now you are sure of all the Joys you wish
From Heav'n, do not forgetful grow, of that great trust

I gave you of all mine, but, like a Friend,

Assist me in my great concern of Love

With fair *Diana*, your lovely Cozen;

You know how long I have ador'd that Maid,

But still her haughty Pride repell'd my Flame,

And all its fierce Efforts.

Bell. She has a Spirit equal to her Beauty,
As mighty and tyrannick, yet she has goodness,

And I believe enough inclin'd to Love,

When once her Pride's o'come; I have the honour

To be the Confident of all her thoughts:

And to augment thy hopes, 'tis not long since

She did with sighs confess to me she Lov'd

A Man, she said, scarce equal to her Fortune;

But all my interest could not learn the Object:

But it must needs be you, by what she said.

This I'll improve, and so to your advantage—

Friend. I neither doubt thy Industry, nor Love:

Go, and be careful of my Int'rest there,

Whilst I preserve thine as intirely here.

[Ex. *severally.*
SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham and Sharp.

Sharp. Good morrow, Sir *Timothy*; what not yet ready, and to meet Mr. *Bellmour* at five; the time's past.

Sir Tim. ——— Ay Pox on't ——— I han't slept to night for thinking on't.

Sham. Well, Sir *Timothy*, I have most excellent News for you, that will do as well; I have found out ———

Sir Tim. A new Wench, I warrant ——— but prethee, *Sham*, I have other matters in hand; 'Sheart, I am so mortify'd with this same thought of Fighting, that I shall hardly think of Womankind again.

Sharp. You were so forward, Sir *Timothy* ———

Sir Tim. Ay *Sharp*, I am always so when I'm angry; had I been but a little more provok'd then, that we might have gone to't when the heat was brisk, I had done well ——— but a Pox on't, this fighting in cool Blood I hate.

Sham. 'Shaw, Sir, 'tis nothing, a Man wou'd do't for Exercise in a morning.

Sir Tim. Ay, if there were no more in't than Exercise; if a Man cou'd take a Breathing without breathing a Vein ——— but *Sham*, this Wounds, and Blood, sounds terribly in my ears; but since thou say'st 'tis nothing, prethee do thou meet *Bellmour* in my stead; thou art a poor Dog, and 'tis no matter if the world were well rid of thee.

Sham. I wou'd do't with all my Soul ——— but your Honour, Sir ———

Sir Tim. ——— My Honour! 'tis but Custom that makes it Honourable to fight Duels ——— I warrant you the wise *Italian*, thinks himself a Man of Honour; and yet when did you hear of an *Italian*, that ever fought a Duel? Is't not enough, I am affronted, have my Mistress taken away before my face, hear my self call'd, Dull, Common Man, Dull Animal, and the rest ——— But I must after all give him leave to kill me too, if he can ——— And this is your damn'd Honourable *English* way of shewing a Man's Courage.

Sham. I must confess I am of your mind, and therefore have been studying a Revenge, futable to the Affront: and if I can judge any thing, I have hit it.

Sir Tim. Hast thou? dear *Sham*, out with it.

Sham. Why Sir ——— what think you of debauching his Sister?

Sir Tim. Why, is there such a thing in Nature?

Sham. You know he has a Sister, Sir.

Sir Tim. Yes, Rich, and Fair.

Sham. Both, or she were not worthy of your Revenge.

Sir Tim. Oh, how I love Revenge, that has a double pleasure in it ——— and where ——— and where ——— is this fine piece of temptation?

Sham. In being, Sir ——— but *Sharp* here, and I, have been at some cost in finding her out.

Sir Tim. Ye shall be overpaid ——— there's Gold, my little *Maquero* ——— but she's very handsome?

Sharp. As a Goddess, Sir.

Sir Tim. And art thou sure she will be Lewd?

Sharp.

Sharp. Are we sure she's a Woman, Sir?— Sure she's in her Teens? has Pride and Vanity—and two or three Sins more, that I cou'd name, all which never fails to assist a Woman in Debauchery—— But Sir, there are certain people that belong to her, that must be consider'd too.

Sir Tim. Stay Sir, e're I part with more money, I'll be certain what returns 'twill make me—— that is—— I'll see the Wench, not to inform my self, how well I like her, for that I shall do, because she is new, and *Bellmour's* Sister——but to find what possibility there is in gaining her——I am us'd to these things, and can guess from a look, or a kiss, or a touch of the hand—— but then I warrant, 'twill come to the knowledge of *Betty Flauntit*.

Sham. What, Sir—— then it seems you doubt us?

Sir Tim. How do you mean, your honesty or judgment?
I can assure you, I doubt both.

Sharp. How, Sir? doubt our honesty?

Sir Tim. Yes—— why I hope neither of you pretend to either, do you?

Sham. Why, Sir, what do you take us for Cheats?

Sir Tim. As errant, as any's in *Christendom*.

Sharp. How, Sir?

Sir Tim. Why how now—— what lie in my face? Are your Stomachs so queasie, that Cheat won't down with you?

Sham. Why, Sir—— we are Gentlemen—— and tho' our ill Fortunes have thrown us on your Bounty—— we are not to be term'd——

Sir Tim. Why, you pair of Hectors—— whence this impudence?
——De'e you know me, ye Raggamuffins?

Sham. Yes, but we knew not that you were a Coward before. You talkt big, and hust where-e're you came, like an errant Bully, and so long we Reverenc'd you——but now we find, you have need of our Courage—— we'll stand on our Reputations.

Sir Tim. Courage and Reputation!—— ha, ha, ha—— why, ye lowlie Tatterdemallions—— dare ye talk of Courage and Reputation?

Sharp. Why, Sir, who dares question either?

Sir Tim. He that dares try it.

[Kicks 'em.

Sharp. Hold, Sir, hold.

Sham. Enough, enough, we are satisfy'd.

Sir Tim. So am not I, ye mangy Mungrels, till I have kickt Courage and Reputation out of ye.

Sham. Hold there Sir, 'tis enough we are satisfy'd, that you have Courage.

Sir Tim. Oh, are you so? then it seems I was not to be believ'd—— I told you I had Courage when I was angry.

Sham. Ay Sir, we have prov'd it, and will now swear it.

——But we had an inclination to try, Sir.

Sir Tim. And all you did, was but to try my Courage——hah!

Sharp. On our Honours, nothing else, Sir *Timothy*.

Sir Tim. Tho' I know ye to be curs'd cowardly lying Rogues, Yet because I have use of ye, I must forgive ye.

——Here, kiss my hand, and be forgiven.

Sham. 'Tis an Honour we are proud of, Sir.

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Oh is it so, Rascallians! then I hope I am to see the Lady without Indentures.

Sharp. Oh Lord, Sir! any thing we can serve you in.

Sham. And I have brib'd her Maid to bring her this morning into the *Mall*.

Sir Tim. Well, let's about it then; for I am for no Fighting to day—De'e hear Boy—Let the Coach be got ready, whilst I get my self drest.

Boy. The Coach, Sir! Why you know Mr. *Shatter* has pawn'd the Horses.

Sir Tim. I had forgot it—A Pox on't, this 'tis to have a Partner in a Coach; By Fortune, I must Marry, and set up a whole one. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Charles Bellmour and Trusty.

Trusty. Mr. *Charles*, your Brother, my young Master *Bellmour*, is come.

Char. I'm glad on't; my Unkle began to be impatient that he came not, you saying you left him but a days journey behind you yesterday. My Unkle has something of importance to say to him, I fancy it may be about a Marriage between him and my Lady *Diana*—such a whisper I heard—

Trusty. I marry Sir, that were a Match indeed, she being your Unkles only Heir.

Char. Ay, but they are Sisters Children, and too near akin to be happy.

Trusty. Twere pity my young Master shou'd be unhappy in a Wife; for he is the sweetest natur'd Gentleman—But one comfort is, Mr. *Charles*, you, and your Sister Mrs. *Phillis*, will have your Portions assign'd you if he Marry.

Char. Yes, that he can't deny us the very day after his Marriage.

Trusty. I shall be glad to see you all dispos'd of well; but I was half afraid, your Brother wou'd have Married Mrs. *Celinda Friendlove*, to whom he made notable Love in *Yorkshire*, I thought; not but she's a fine Lady; but her Fortune is below that of my young Masters, as much as my Lady *Diana's* is above his—But see they come—let us retire to give 'em leave to talk alone. [Exeunt.

Enter Lord Plotwell and Bellmour.

Lord. And well *Frank*, how dost thou find thy self inclin'd, thou shou'dst begin to think of something more than Books? Dost thou not wish to know the Joys that are to be found in a Woman, *Frank*? I well remember at thy age I fancy'd a thousand fine things of that kind.

Bell. Ay, my Lord, a thousand more perhaps than are to be found.

Lord. Not so; but I confess, *Frank*, unless the Lady be fair, and there be some Love too, 'tis not altogether so well; therefore I, who am still busie for thy good, have fixt upon a Lady—

Bell. Ha!—

Lord. What dost start? Nay, I'll warrant thee she'll please; A Lady rich, and fair, and Nobly born, and thou shalt marry her, *Frank*.

Bell. Marry her, my Lord—

Lord. Why yes, Marry her—I hope you are none of the fashionable Fopps, that are always in mutiny against Marriage, who never think themselves very witty, but when they rail against Heav'n and a Wife—But *Frank*, I have found

found better Principles in thee, and thou hast the Reputation of a sober young Gentleman; thou art, besides, a Man of great Fortune, *Frank*.

Bell. And therefore, Sir, ought the less to be a Slave.

Lord. But, *Frank*, we are made for one another; and ought, by the Laws of God, to communicate our Blessings.

Bell. Sir, there are Men enough, fitter much than I, to obey those Laws; nor do I think them made for every one.

Lord. But, *Frank*, you do not know what a Wife I have provided for you.

Bell. 'Tis enough I know she's a Woman, Sir.

Lord. A Woman; why, what should she be else?

Bell. An Angel, Sir, ere she can be my Wife.

Lord. In good time, but this is a Mortal, Sir—and must serve your turn—but, *Frank*, she is the finest Mortal—

Bell. I humbly beg your Pardon, if I tell you, That had she Beauty such as Heav'n ne'er made, Nor meant again to enrich a Woman with, It could not take my Heart.

Lord. But, Sir, perhaps you do not guess the Lady.

Bell. Or could I, Sir, it could not change my Nature.

Lord. But, Sir, suppose it be my Niece *Diana*.

Bell. How, Sir? the fair *Diana*.

Lord. I thought thou'dst come about again; What think you now of Woman-kind, and Wedlock?

Bell. As I did before, my Lord.

Lord. What, thou canst not think I am in earnest; I confess, *Frank*, she is above thee in point of Fortune, she being my only Heir—but suppose 'tis she.

Bell. Oh I'm undone!—Sir, I dare not suppose so greatly in favour of my self.

Lord. But, *Frank*, you must needs suppose—

Bell. Oh, I am ruin'd, lost, for ever lost.

Lord. What do you mean, Sir?

Bell. I mean, I cannot Marry fair *Diana*.

Lord. Death! how's this?

Bell. She is a thing, above my humble wishes—

Lord. Is that all? Take you no care for that; for she loves you already, and I have resolv'd it, which is better yet.

Bell. Love me, Sir? I know she cannot, And Heav'n forbid that I should injure her.

Lord. Sir, this is a put-off: resolve quickly, or I'll compel you.

Bell. You would not use extremity; What is the forfeit of my disobedience?

Lord. The loss of all your Fortune, If you refuse the Wife I have provided— Especially a handsome Lady, as she is, *Frank*.

Bell. Oh me, unhappy! What cursed Laws provided this severity?

Lord. Even those of your Fathers disposal, who seeing so many Examples, in this lewd Age, of the ruine of whole Families, by imprudent Marriages, provided otherwise for you

Bell. But Sir, admit *Diana* be inclin'd,
And I (by my unhappy Stars so curst)
Should be unable to accept the Honour.

Lord. How Sir? admit?—I can no more admit,
Than you can suppose—therefore give me your final Answer.

Bell. Sir, can you think a blessing e're can fall
Upon that Pair, whom Interest joins, not Love.

Lord. Why, what's in *Diana*, that you shou'd not love her?

Bell. I must confess she has a thousand Virtues,
The least of which wou'd bless another Man;
But, Sir, I hope, if I am so unhappy
As not to love that Lady, you will pardon me.

Lord. Indeed, Sir, but I will not; love me this Lady, and marry me this
Lady, or I will teach you what it is to refuse such a Lady.

Bell. Sir, 'tis not in my Power to obey you.

Lord. How? not in your Pow'r?

Bell. No, Sir, I see my fatal ruine in your Eyes,
And know too well your Force, and my own Misery.

—But Sir—when I shall tell you who I've married—

Lord. Who you've married!—By all that's Sacred if that be true, thou
art undone for ever.

Bell. Oh hear me, Sir!

I came with hopes to have found you merciful.

Lord. Expect none from me; no, thou shalt not have so much of thy
Estate, as will afford thee Bread.

By Heaven, thou shalt not.

Bell. Oh pity me, my Lord, pity my Youth;
It is no Beggar, nor none basely born
That I have given my Heart to, but a Maid,
Whose Birth, whose Beauty, and whose Education,
Merits the best of Men.

Lord. Very fine! where is the Priest that durst dispose of you, without my
order? Sirrah you are my Slave— at least your whole Estate is at my
mercy—and besides, I'll charge you with an Action of 5000 *l.* for your ten
Years maintenance: Do you know that this is in my power too?

Bell. Yes, Sir, and dread your Anger worse than Death.

Lord. Oh Villain! thus to dash my Expectation.

Bell. Sir, on my bended Knees, thus low I fall
To beg your mercy.

Lord. Yes, Sir, I will have mercy;
I'll give you Lodging— but in a Dungeon, Sir,
Where you shall ask your food of Passers-by.

Bell. All this, I know, you have the power to do;
But, Sir, were I thus cruel, this hard usage

Would

Would give me cause to execute it.

I wear a Sword, and I dare right my self;
And Heav'n wou'd pardon it, if I should kill you:
But Heav'n forbid I shou'd correct that Law,
Which gives you Power, and orders me Obedience.

Lord. Very well Sir, I shall tame that Courage, and punish that Harlot,
who e're she be, that has seduc'd ye.

Bell. How Harlot, Sir!—Death, such another word,
And through all Laws and Reason I will rush,
And reach thy Soul, if mortal like thy Body.

—No Sir, she's Chaste, as are the new-made Vows,
I breath'd upon her Lips, when last we parted.

Lord. Who waits there?

Enter Trusty, and Servants.

—Shall I be murder'd in my own House?

'Tis time you were remov'd—

Go get an Action of 5000 l. enter'd against him;
With Officers to Arrest him.

Trusty. My Lord, 'tis my young Master *Bellmour*.

Lord. Ye all dote upon him, but he's not the Man you take him for.

Trusty. How, my Lord? not this Mr. *Bellmour*?

Lord. Dogs, obey me.

[*Offers to go.*]

Bell. Stay, Sir—oh, stay—what will become of me?

'Twere better that my Life were lost, than Fortune—
For that being gone, *Celinda* must not love me.

—But to die wretchedly—

—Poorly in Prison—whilst I can manage this—

—Is below him, that does adore *Celinda*.

[*Draws.*]

—I'll kill my self— but then— I kill *Celinda*.

—Shou'd I obey this Tyrant—then too she dies.

—Yes Sir— You may be cruel— take the Law,

—And kill me quickly, 'twill become your Justice.

[*Weeps.*]

Lord. Was I call'd back for this? Yes, I shall take it, Sir; do not fear.

[*Offers to go.*]

Bell. Yet, stay Sir— Have you lost all Humanity?
Have you no Sense of Honour, nor of Horrors!

Lord. Away with him—go, be gone.

Bell. Stay, Sir! oh God! what is't you'd have me do?

—Here— I resign my self unto your Will—

But oh, *Celinda*!— what will become of thee!

[*Weeps.*]

—Yes, I will Marry— and *Diana* too.

Lord. 'Tis well you will, had I been good natur'd now,
You had been undone, and mist *Diana* too.

Bell. But must I Marry?— Needs Marry, Sir?—

Or lose my Fortune, and my Liberty,

Whilst all my Vows are given to another?

Lord. By all means, Sir—

Bel. If I must Marry any but *Celinda*,
 I shall not, Sir, enjoy one moments blifs!
 I shall be quite unman'd, Cruel and Brutal!
 A Beast, unsafe for Woman to converse with;
 Besides, Sir, I have given my Heart and Faith,
 And my second Marriage is Adultery.

Lord. Heart and Faith, I am glad 'tis no worse; if the Ceremony of the Church has not past, 'tis well enough.

Bell. All Sir, that Heaven, and Love requires, is past.

Lord. Thou art a Fool, *Frank*, come—— dry thy Eyes,
 And receive *Diana*.—— *Trusty*—— Call in my Niece.

Bell. Yet, Sir, relent, be kind, and save my Soul.

[*Ex. Trusty.*]

Lord. No more—— by Heaven, if you resist my Will, I'll make a strange Example of thee, and of that Woman, who e're she be, that drew thee to this Folly. Faith and Vows, quoth ye.

Bell. Then I obey.

Enter Trusty and Diana.

Lord. Look ye here, *Frank*; is this a Lady to be dislik'd?
 Come hither, *Frank*—— *Trusty*—— Haste for Dr. *Tickettext*, my Chaplain's not in Town; I'll have them instantly Married—— Come hither, *Diana*—— will you Marry your Cozen *Frank Bellmour*?

Dia. Yes, if it be your pleasure, Heaven cou'd not let fall a greater blessing.

[*Aside.*]

Lord. And you, *Frank*, will you marry my Niece *Diana*?

Bell. Since you will have it so.

Lord. Come follow me then, and you shall be both pleas'd.

Bell. Oh my *Celinda*——

To preserve thee, what is't I wou'd not do,

Forfeit my Heaven, nay more, I forfeit you.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sham and Sharp.

Sir Tim. Now *Sham*, art not thou a damn'd lying Rogue, to make me faunter up and down the *Mall* all this Morning, after a Woman that thou knowst in thy Conscience was not likely to be there?

Sham. Why, Sir—— if her Maid will be a jilting Whore, how can I help it—— *Sharp*—— Thou knowst we presented her handsomly, and she protested she'd do't.

Sharp. Ay, ay, Sir. [*Aside.*] But the Devil a Maid we saw.

Sham. Sir, it may be Things have so fallen out, that she could not possibly come.

Sir Tim. Things! a Pox of your Tricks—— Well, I see there's no trusting a poor Devil—— Well, what Device will your Rogueship find out to Cheat me next?

Sham.

Sham. Prethee, help me out at a dead Lift, *Sharp.*

[*Aside.*

Sharp. Cheat you Sir! — If I been't reveng'd on this She-Counsellor of the Patching and Painting, this Letter-in of Midnight Lovers, this Receiver of Bribes for Stol'n Pleasures; may I be Condemn'd never to make Love to any thing of higher Quality.

Sir Tim. Nay, nay, no Threatning *Sharp*, it may be She's Innocent yet--- Give her t'other Bribe, and try what that will do. [*Gives him money.*

Sham. No, Sir, I'll have no more to do with Frail Woman, in this Case; I have a furer way to do your Bufiness.

Enter Page with a Letter.

Sir Tim. Is not that *Bellmour's* Page?

Sharp. It is Sir.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, the Rogue's looking for me; he has a Challenge in his Hand too.

Sham. No matter, Sir, Huff it out.

Sir Tim. Prethee do thee Huff him, thou know'st the way on't.

Sham. What's your Bus'ness with *Sir Timothy*, Sir?

Page. Mine Sir, I don't know the Gentleman; pray which is he?

Sir Tim. I, I, 'tis so—Pox on him.

Sharp. Well, Boy, I am he---What---Your Master----

Page. My Master, Sir—

Sharp. Are not you *Bellmour's* Page?

Page. Yes, Sir.

Sharp. Well, your News.

Page. News Sir? I know of none, but of my Masters being this Morning----

Sir Tim. Ay, there it is---behind *Southampton* House.

Page. Married this Morning.

Sir Tim. How? Marry'd! 'Slife, has he serv'd me so?

Sham. The Boy is drunk---*Bellmour* Married!

Page. Yes indeed, to the Lady *Diana*.

Sir Tim. *Diana*! Mad by Fortune; what *Diana*?

Page. Neece to the Lord *Plotwel*.

Sir Tim. Come hither Boy---Art thou sure of this?

Page. Sir, I am sure of it; and I am going to bespeak Musick for the Ball anon.

Sir Tim. What hast thou there---a Letter to the Divine *Celinda*;
A Dainty Boy---there's Money for thee to buy Nickers.

Page. I humbly thank you.

[*Exit.*

Sharp. Well, Sir, if this be true, *Celinda* will be glad of you again.

Sir Tim. Ay, but I will have none of her---For, look you *Sham*, there is but two sorts of Love in this World---Now I am sure the Rogue did love her; and since it was not to Marry her, it was for the thing you wot on, as appears by his writing to her now---But yet, I will not not believe what this Boy said, till I see it.

Sham. Faith Sir, I have thought of a thing, that may both clear your doubt; and give us a little Mirth.

Sir Tim. I conceive thee.

Sham.

The TOWN-FOPP: Or,

Sham. I know y^ere quick of Apprehension, *Sir Timothy.*

Sir Tim. O your Servant, dear *Sham*——But to let thee see, I am none of the Dullest, we are to Jigg it in Masquerade this Evening, Hah.

Sham. Faith Sir, you have it, and there you may have an Opportunity to Court *Bellmour's* Sister.

Sir Tim. 'Tis a good Motion, and we will follow it; send to the Dukes House, and borrow some Habits presently.

Sham. I'll about it, Sir.

Sir Tim. Make haste to my Lodging——But heark ye——not a word of this to *Betty Flauntit*, she'll be up in Arms these two Days, if she go not with us; and tho' I think the fond Devil is true to me, yet it 'twere worse than Wedlock, if I should be so to her too.

*Tho' Whores in all things else the Mast'ry get,
In this alone, like Wives, they must submit.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Lord Plotwel, Bellmour leading in Diana, follow'd by Charles Bellmours, Phillis, and other Ladies and Gentlemen: [*Musick Plays, till they are all seated.*]

Lord. **H**ERE Nephew, I resign that Trust, which was repos'd in me by your dead Father; which was, that on your Wedding-day, I should thus——make you Master of your whole Fortune, you being Married to my liking——And now *Charles*, and you my Neece *Phillis*, you may demand your Portions to Morrow, if you please, for he is oblig'd to pay you the day after that of his Marriage.

Phill. There's time enough, my Lord.

Lord. Come, come Ladies, in troth you must take but little Rest to Night, in Complaisance to the Bride, and Bridegroom, who, I believe, will take but little——*Frank*——why *Frank*——what, hast thou chang'd thy Humor with thy Condition? Thou were't not wont to hear the Musick play in vain.

Bell. My Lord, I cannot Dance.

Dia. Indeed you're wondrous sad.

And I, methinks, to bear thee Company,
I know not why; and yet Excess of Joy,
Have had the same Effects with equal Grief.

Bell. 'Tis true, and I have now felt the Extreams of both.

Lord. Why Nephew *Charles*——has your Breeding at the Academy instruct-ed your Heels in no Motion?

Char. My Lord, I'll make one.

Phill. And I another, for Joy that my Brother's made happy, in so Fair a Bride.

Bell. Hell take your Ignorance, for thinking I am Happy,

---Wou'd

....Wou'd Heav'n wou'd strike me Dead.
That by the loss of a poor wretched Life,
I might preserve my Soul—but oh my Error!
That has already Damn'd it self, when it consented
To break a Sacred Vow, and Marry here.

Lord. Come, come, begin, begin, Musick to your Office. [*Soft Musick.*

Bell. Why does not this hard Heart, this stubborn Fugitive,
Break with this Load of Grievs; but like ill Spirits
It promis'd fair, till it had drawn me in,
And then betray'd me to Damnation.

Dia. There's something in Disorder in his Soul,
Which I'm on Fire to know the Meaning of.

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham and Sharp, in Masquerade.

Sir Tim. The Rogue is Married, and I am so pleas'd, I can forgive him
our last Nights Quarrel; Prethee *Sharp*, if thou canst learn that young Thing's
Name, 'tis a pretty Airy Rogue, whil't I go Talk to her.

Sharp. I will, Sir, I will, [*One goes to take out a Lady.*

Char. Nay, Madam, you must Dance. [*Dance.*

Bell. I hope you will not call it Rudeness, Madam, if I refuse you here.

[*The Lady that Danc't, goes to take out the Bridegroom. After the
Dance, she takes out Sir Timothy, they walk a Corrant.*

Am I still Tame and Patient with my Ills?
Gods! What is Man? That he can live and bare,
Yet know his Pow'r to rid himself of Grief;
I will not Live, or if my Destiny
Compel me to't, it shall be worse than Dying.

Enter Page with a Table Book.

Bell. What's this?

Page. The Answer of a Letter, Sir, you sent to the Divine *Celinda*; for so
it was Directed.

Bell.—Hah—*Celinda*—in my crowd of Thoughts
I had forgot I sent—come nearer Boy—

—What did she say to thee?—Did she not smile?
And use thee with Contempt and Scorn—tell me.

Page. How Scorn, Sir!

Bell.—Or she was angry—call'd me perjur'd Villian—
False, and forsworn—nay, tell me truth.

Page. How, Sir?

Bell. Thou dost delay me—say she did, and please me.

Page. Sir!

Bell. Again—tell me, what Answer, Rascal, did she send me?

Page. You have it, Sir, there in the Table Book.

Bell. Oh I am mad, and know not what I do.

....Prethee forgive me, Boy—take Breath, my Soul,
Before thou dost begin, for this—perhaps may be
So cruel kind.

To leave thee none when thou hast ended it.

[*Opens it, and reads.*
LETTER.

The TOWN-FOPP: Or,
LETTER.

I Have took in the Poyson which you sent, in those few
Fatal Words———Forgive me, my Celinda, I am Married———
'Twas thus you said———And I have only Life to return———
----Forgive me my sweet Bellmour———I am dead.

CELINDA.

---Can I hear this, and Live?———I am a Villian!
In my Creation Destin'd for all Mischief,
---To commit Rapes, and Murders, to break Vows,
As fast as Fools do Jest.

Come hither, Boy———

And said the Lady nothing to thee?

Page. Yes———e're she Read the Letter, ask'd your Health,
And Joy disperst it self, in blushes through her Cheeks.

Bell. Her Beauty makes the very Boy adore it.

Page. And having Read it,
She drew her Tablets from her Pocket,
And Trembling———Writ, what I have brought you, Sir.

Bell. Tho' I before had loaded up my Soul
With Sins, that wou'd have weigh'd down any other,
Yet this one more it bears, this Sin of Murder.
And holds out still———What have I more to do,
But being Plung'd in, in Blood, to wade it through.

Enter Friendlove in Masquerade.

[A Figg.

Friend. There stands the Traytor, with a guilty look,
That Traytor, who the easier to deceive me,
Betray'd my Sister; yet till I came and saw
The Perjury, I could not give a Faith to't.
---By Heaven, Diana Loves him, nay, Dotes on him;
I find it in her Eyes, all Languishing
They feed the Fire in his, arm'd with a double Rage,
I know I shall go through with my Revenge.

Sir Tim. Fair Maid———

Phil. How do you know that, Sir?

Sir Tim. I see y're Fair, and I guess you're a Maid.

Phill. Your Guess is better than your Eye-sight, Sir.

Sir Tim. What e're you are, by Fortune, I wish you would permit me to
love you with all Faults.

Phill. You? Pray who are you?

Sir Tim. A Man, a Gentleman———and more, a Knight too, by Fortune.

Phill. Then 'twas not by Merit Sir———But how shall I know you are
either of these?

Sir Tim. That I'm a Man, the effects of my vigorous Flame shall prove---
a Gentleman, my Coat of Arms shall Testifie; and I have the Kings Patent
for my Title.

Phill. For the first you may thank your Youth, for the next your Father,
and the last your Money.

Sir

Sir Tim. By Fortune, I love thee for thy Pertness.

Phill. Is it possible you can love at all?

Sir Tim. As much as I dare.

Phill. How do ye mean?

Sir Tim. Not to be Laught at; 'tis not the Mode to Love much: A Platonick Fopp, I have heard of, but this is an Age of sheer Enjoyment, and little Love goes to that; we have found it incommode, and loss of time, to make long Addresses.

Enter Celinda like a Boy.

Phill. I find, Sir, you and I shall never agree upon this Matter. But, see Sir, here's more Company.

Cel. Oh Heav'n! 'tis true, these Eyes confirm my Fate. Yonder he is---and that fair Splendid Thing, That Gazes on him with such kind Desire, Is my blest Rival---oh he is Married.

---Gods! and yet you let him Live! Live too with all his Charms, as fine and gay, As if you meant he shou'd undo all easie Maids, And kill 'em for their Sin of loving him.

Wretched Celinda!

But I must turn my Eyes from looking on; The fatal Triumphs of my Death---Which of all these Is my Brother? Oh this is he; I know him By the Habit, he sent for to the Play-House. And hither he's come in Masquerade, I know with some Design against my *Bellmour*, Whom tho' he kill me, I must still preserve. Whil'st I, lost in despair, thus as a Boy Will seek a Death from any welcome hand, Since I want Courage, to perform the Sacrifice.

Enter one and Dances an Entry, and a Figg at the end on't.

Lord. Enough, enough at this time, let's see the Bride to Bed, the Bridegroom thinks it long.

Friend. Hell! Can I endure to hear all this with patience? Shall he depart with Life to enjoy my Right, And to deprive my Sister of her due?

---Stay---Stay---and resign That Virgin.

Bell. Who art thou, that dar'st lay a claim to ought that's here?

Friend. This Sword shall answer ye.

Bell. Tho' I cou'd spare my Life, I'll not be rob'd on't.

Dia. Oh my dear *Bellmour*! [*All draw on Bellmour's side*---*Diana holds Bellmour, Celinda runs between their Swords, and defends Bellmour;* *Sir Tim. Sham and Sharp draw, and run into several corners, with signs of fear.*

Friend. Who art thou, that thus fondly guard'st his heart? [*To Celinda.* ---Be gone---and let me meet it.

Cel. That thou may'st do through mine, but no way else.

Friend. Here are too many to encounter, and I'll defer my vengeance.

Char. Stay Sir, we must not part so [*Ex. Drawing at the same door, that Sir Tim. is sneaking out at.*
[*Pulls in Sir Tim.*

Come back I say.

Slave! Dost thou tremble?

Sir Tim. Sir, I'm not the Man you look for---

By Fortune, *Sham*, we're all undone!

He has mistook me for the fighting Fellow.

Char. Villain! Defend thy Life!

Sir Tim. Who, I Sir? I have no quarrel to you, nor no Man breathing, not I, by Fortune.

Cel. This Coward cannot be my Brother!

[*Aside.*

Char. What made thee draw upon my Brother?

Sir Tim. Who, I Sir? by Fortune I love him-----I draw upon him!

Char. I do not wonder thou canst lye, for thou'rt a Coward!

Didst not thou draw upon him? Is not thy Sword yet out?

Did I not see the fierce, and active too, as if thou hadst dar'd?

Sir Tim. Why he's gone, Sir; a Pox of all Mistakes, and Masqueradings I say---this was your Plot, *Sham*.

Char. Coward! shew then thy face.

Sir Tim. I'll be hang'd first, by Fortune; for then 'twill be plain 'twas I, because I challeng'd *Bellmour* last night, and broke my Affignation this morning.
[*Aside.*

Char. Shew thy face without delay, or-----

Sir Tim. My face, Sir, I protest, by Fortune, 'tis not worth seeing.

Char. Then Sirra, you are worth a kicking---take that---and that---
[*Kicks him.*

Sir Tim. How Sir? How?

Char. So Sir, so,

[*Kicks him again.*

Sir Tim. Have a care Sir---by Fortune, I shall fight with a little more.

Char. Take that to raise you.

[*Strikes him.*

Sir Tim. Nay then I am angry, and I dare fight.

[*They fight out.*

Lord. Go, Ladies, see the Bride to her Chamber.

[*Ex. Women.*

Bell. The Knight, *Sir Timothy Tawdrey*,

---The Rascal mist me at the appointed place,

And comes to attack me here.---

[*Turns to Cel.*

---Brave Youth? I know not how

I came to merit this Relief from thee.

Sure thou'rt a Stranger to me, thou'rt so kind.

Cel. Sir, I believe those happy ones that know you Had been far kinder, but I'm indeed a Stranger.

Bell. May'st thou be ever so, to one so wretched;

I will not ask thy name, lest knowing it,

(I am such a Monster) I should ruine thee.

Cel. Oh how he melts my Soul! I cannot stay,

Lest Grief, my Sex, my Business shou'd betray.

[*Aside.*

---Farewel Sir---

---May

—May you be happy in the Maid you love.

Bell. Oh dost thou mock my griefs—by Heaven he did.

—Stay Sir, he's gone.

[*Ex. Cel.*]

Enter Charles Bellmour.

Char. The Rogue took courage; when he saw there was no remedy; but there's no hurt done on either side.

Lord. 'Tis fit such as he should be chastis'd, that do abuse Hospitality. Come, come, to Bed, the Lady, Sir, expects you.

Bell. Gentlemen, good night.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Diana, Scene a Bed-chamber.

Dia. I long to know the cause of *Bellmour's* disorder to night, And here he comes.

Enter Bellmour, Lord, Charles, and the rest.

Char. Shan't we see you laid, Brother?

Bell. Yes in my Grave, dear *Charles*;

But I'll excuse that Ceremony here.

Char. Good night, and no rest to you Brother.

[*Ex. all but Bellmour and Diana.*]

Dia. Till now my *Bellmour*, I wanted opportunity To ask the Cause, why on a joyful day, When Heav'n has join'd us, by a Sacred tie, Thou droopst like early Flowers, with Winter storms.

Bell. Thou art that Winter storm, that nips my Bud, All my young springing hopes, my gay desires, The prospect of approaching joys of Love, Thou in a hapless minute hast took from me, And in its room, Hast given me an eternal desperation.

Dia. Have you then given me Vows ye can repent of?

Bell. I given ye Vows! be witness ye just Powers! How far I was from giving any Vows: No, no, *Diana*, I had none to give!

Dia. No Vows to give!

What were they which to the Holy Man Thou didst repeat, when I was made all thine?

Bell. The effect, of low submission! Such as Slaves Condemn'd to dye, yield to the angry Judge.

Dia. Dost thou not love me then?

Bell. Love thee! no by Heaven? Yet wish I were so happy. For thou art wondrous fair, and wondrous good!

Dia. Oh what a defeat is here!

The onely Man, who from all Natures store, I found most charming, fit for my desires, And now after a thousand expectations, Such as all Maids that Love like me do hope, Just ready for the highest joys of Love!

Then to be met thus cold—nay worse, with scorn.

[*Aside.*
—Why

—Why since you could not love me, did you marry me?

Bell. Because I was a Beast! a very Villain!
That stak'd, a wretched Fortune, to all my joys of Life,
And like a prodigal Gamester lost that all.

Dia. How durst you, Sir, knowing my Quality,
Return me this false Pay, for Love so true?

—Was this a Beauty, Sir, to be neglected?

Bell. Fair angry Maid, frown on, frown till you kill,
And I shall dying bless those Eyes that did so.
For shou'd I live, I shou'd deprive the happier World
Of treasures, I am too wretched to possess.
And were't not pity that vast store of Beauty,
Shou'd, like rich Fruit, dye on the yielding Boughs.

Dia. And are you then resolv'd to be a Stranger to me?

Bell. For ever! for a long Eternity.

Dia. Oh thou'st undone me then; hast thou found out
A Maid more fair, more worthy of thy Love?
Look on me well.

Bell. I have consider'd thee,
And find no blemish in thy Soul, or Form;
Thou art all o're Divine, yet I must hate thee,
Since thou hast drawn me to a mortal sin,
That cannot be forgiven, by Men, or Heaven:
—Oh thou hast made me break a Vow, *Diana*,
A Sacred Solemn Vow,
And made me wrong the sweetest Innocence,
That ever blest the Earth.

Dia. Instead of cooling, this augments my fire,
No pain is like defeated, new desire. [*Aside.*

'Tis false, or but to try my Constancy:
Your Mistress is not so Divine as I,
And shou'd I, gainst himself believe the Man
Who first inspir'd my Heart with Loves soft flame!

Bell. What bliss on me insensible you throw,
I'd rather hear thee swear, thou art my Foe,
And like some Noble and Romantick Maid
With Poniards, wou'd my stubborn Heart invade,
And whil'st thou dost the faithful Relique tear,
In every Vein thou'd'st find *Celinda* there.

Dia. Come, Sir, you must forget *Celinda's* Charms,
And reap delights within my circling Arms,
Delights that may your Errors undeceive,
When you find joys as great as she can give.

Bell. What do I hear?—Is this the kind relief
Thou dost allow to my despair and grief?
Is this the comfort that thou dost impart
To my all wounded, bleeding, dying heart?

Were I so Brutal——cou'd thy Life comply
To serve it self with base Adultery?
For cou'd I love thee, cou'd I love again,
Our Lives wou'd be but one continu'd Sin;
A Sin of that black die, a Sin so foul,
'Twould leave no hopes of Heav'n for eithers Soul.

Dia. Dull Man! Dost think a feeble vain Excuse,
Shall satisfy me for this Night's abuse?
No, since my Passion, thou'st defeated thus,
And rob'd me of my long wish'd happiness,
I'll make thee know what a wrong'd Maid can do,
Divided 'twixt her Love, and Injuries too.

Bell. I dare thy worst;
Shou'd Hell assist thy aims, thou cou'dst not find
New Plagues, unless thou shou'dst continue kind,
Hard Fate *Diana*, when thy Love must be
The greatest Cure that can arrive to me.
——That friendship which our Infant years begun,
And till this day has still continued on,
I will preserve, and my respects shall be
Profound, as what was ever paid by me.
But for my Love 'tis to *Celinda* due,
And I can pay you none that's just and true.

Dia. The rest, I'de have thee know I do despise,
I better understand my conquering Eyes:
Those Eyes that shall revenge my Love and Shame,
I'll kill thy Reputation, and thy Name. [Ex.]

Bell. My Honour! And my Reputation, now!
They both were forfeit, when I broke my Vow.
Nor cou'd my Honour with thy Fame decline,
Whoe're prophanes thee, injures nought of mine.
This night upon the Couch my self I'll lay,
And like *Franciscans*, let th'ensuing day
Take care for all the toils it brings with it,
Whatever Fate arrives, I can submit.

The Scene a Street.

Enter Celinda, dress'd as before.

Cel. Not one kind Wound to send me to my Grave,
And yet between their angry Swords I ran,
Expecting it from *Bellmour*, or my Brother's:
Oh my hard Fate! that gave me so much Misery,
And dealt no Courage, to prevent the shock.
——Why came I off alive, that fatal place
Where I beheld my *Bellmour*, in th'embrace
Of my extreamly fair, and lovely Rival;
——With what kind Care she did prevent my Arm

Who

(Who greedy of the last sad parting twine)
 I wou'd have thrown about him, as if he knew
 To what intent I made the passionate offer.

—What have I next to do, but seek a death
 Where ever I can meet it— Who comes here ?

[Goes aside.

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham and Sharp, with Fiddlers and Boy.

Sir Tim. I believe this is the Bed-chamber Window where the Bride and the Bridegroom lies.

Sham. Well, and what do you intend to do, if it be Sir ?

Sir Tim. Why first sing a Bawdy Song, and then break the Windows, in Revenge for the Affront was put upon me to night.

Sharp. Faith, Sir, that's but a poor Revenge, and which every Footman may take of his Lady, who has turn'd him away for filching— You know, Sir, Windows are frail, and will yield to the lusty Brick-bats ; 'tis an Act below a Gentleman.

Sir Tim. That's all one, 'tis my Recreation ; I serv'd a Woman so the other night, to whom my Mistress had a Pique.

Sham. Ay, Sir, 'tis a Revenge fit only for a Whore to take—
 And the Affront you receiv'd to night, was by mistake.

Sir Tim. Mistake ! how can that be ?

Sham. Why, Sir, did you not mind, that he that drew upon *Bellmour*, was in the same dress with you ;

Sir Tim. How shou'd his be like mine ?

Sham. Why by the same chance, that yours was like his—I suppose sending to the Play-house for them, as we did, they hapned to send him such another Habit, for they have many such for dancing Shepherds.

Sir Tim. Well, I grant it a mistake, and that shall reprieve the Windows.

Sharp. Then, Sir, you shew'd so much courage, that you may bless the minute that forc'd you to fight.

Sir Tim. Ay, but between you and I, 'twas well he kick'd me first, and made me angry, or I had been lustily swing'd, by Fortune—but thanks to my spleen that sav'd my bones that bout—but then I did well—hah ! came briskly off, and the rest.

Sham. With honour, Sir, I protest.

Sir Tim. Come then, we'll Serenade him. Come, *Sirra*, tune your Pipes, and sing.

Boy. What shall I sing, Sir ?

Sir Tim. Any thing futable to the time and place.

S O N G.

I.

THE happy Minute's come, the Nymph is laid,
 Who means no more to rise a Maid.

Blushing, and panting, she expells the approach
 Of Joys that kill, with every touch :

Nor

Nor can her Native Modesty and Shame
Conceal the Ardour of her Virgin Flame.

II.

And now the Amorous Youth is all undrest,
Fast ready for Loves mighty Feast,
With vigorous haste the Vail aside he throws,
That does all Heaven at once disclose;
Swift as desire, into her naked Arms
Himself he throws, and rifles all her Charms.

Good morrow Mr. Bellmour, and to your lovely Bride, long may you live,
and love.

Enter Bellmour above.

Bell. Who is't has sent that Curse?

Sir Tim. What a pox is that Bellmour? The Rogue's in choler, the Bride
has not pleas'd him.

Bell. Dogs! De you upbraid me? I'll be with you presently.

Sir Tim. Will you so—— but I'll not stay your coming.

Cel. But you shall, Sir.

Bell. Turn, Villains!

[Sir Tim. &c. offers to go off, Celinda steps forth, and draws, they draw,
and set upon her. Enter Bellmour behind them: They turn, and
Celinda sides with Bellmour, and fights. Enter Dia. Bellmour fights
'em out, and leaves Celinda breathless, leaning on her Sword.

Dia. I'll ne'er demand the cause of this disorder,
But take this opportunity to flee
To the next hands will take me up—— who's here!

Cel. Not yet, my fullen heart!

Dia. Who's here? one wounded——alas——

Cel. 'Tis not so lucky—— but who art thou
That dost with so much pity ask?

Dia. He seems a Gentleman—— handfom, and young——

[*Aside.*

Pray ask no questions, Sir, but if you're what you seem,
Give a Protection to an unhappy Maid.

——Do not reply, but let us haste away.

Cel. Hah—— What do I hear! sure 'tis Diana.

——Madam, with haste, and joy, I'll serve you.

——I'll carry her to my own Lodgings.

Fortune, in this, has done my Sufferings right,
My Rival's in my Power, upon her Wedding night.

[*aside.* [Exeunt.

Enter Bellmour, Sir Tim. Sham and Sharp.

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, that you should not know, your friend and humble
servant, Tim. Tawdrey—— But thou lookst as if thou hadst not been a Bed yet:

Bell. No more I have.

Sir Tim. Nay then thou lovest precious time, I'll not detain thee.

[Offers to go.

Bell. Thou art mistaken, I hate all Woman-kind——

Sir Tim. How, how!

Bell.

The TOWN-FOPP: Or,

Bell. Above an hour——heark ye Knight——I am as lewd, and as debauched as thou art.

Sir Tim. What do you mean, *Frank*?

Bell. To tell a truth, which yet I never did.

——I Whore, Drink, Game, Swear, Lye, Cheat, Rob, Pimp, Heſtor, All, All I do that's vicious.

Sir Tim. Bleſs me!

Bell. From ſuch a Villain, hah!

Sir Tim. No, but that thou ſhouldſt hide it all this while.

Bell. Till I was married only, and now I can diſſemble it no longer——
come——let's to a Bawdy-houſe.

Sir Tim. A Bawdy-houſe! What already!

This is the very quinteſſence of Lewdneſs.

——Why I thought that I was wicked, but by Fortune,

This daſhes mine quite out of countenance.

Bell. Oh thou'rt a puny Sinner!——I'll teach thee Arts (ſo rare) of ſin, the leaſt of them ſhall damn thee.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, *Frank*, I do not like theſe Arts.

Bell. Then thou'rt a Fool——I'll teach thee to be rich too.

Sir Tim. Ay, that I like.

Bell. Look here, my Boys!

The Writings of 3000 l. a year.

[Holds up his Writings——which
he takes out of his Pockets.

——All this I got by Perjury.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, a thriving Sin.

Bell. And we will live in Sin while this holds out.

——And then to my cold Home——Come let's be gone.

——Oh that I ne'er might ſee the Rſing Sun.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Discovers Celinda as before ſitting in a Chair, Diana by her in another, who ſings.

SONG.

1.

*Celinda, who did Love diſdain,
For whom had languish'd many a Swain,
Leading her bleating Flocks to drink,
She ſpy'd upon the Rivers brink
A Youth, whoſe Eyes did well declare
How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.*

2.

*At firſt ſhe laugh'd, but gaz'd the while,
And ſoon it leſſen'd to a ſmile;*

Thence

*Thence to surprise, and wonder came
Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame;
Then cry'd she out, Ah now I prove
Thou art a God! Almighty Love.*

3.
*She would have spoke, but Shame deny'd,
And had her first consult her Pride;
But soon she found that Aid was gone,
For Love, alas! Had left her none.
Oh how she burns, but 'tis too late,
For in his Eyes, she reads her Fate.*

Cel. Oh how numerous are her Charms——
——How shall I pay this generous condescension!
Fair lovely Maid——

Dia. Why do you flatter, Sir?

Cel. To say you're lovely, by your self I do not,
I'm young, and have not much convers't with Beauty,
Yet I'll esteem my judgment, since it knows
Where my devotions shou'd be justly paid.

——But Madam, may I not yet expect
To hear the Story, you so lately promis'd me.

Dia. I owe much to your goodness, Sir——but——

Cel. I am too young, you think, to hear a Secret;
Can I want Sence to pity your Misfortunes,
Or Passion to incite me to revenge 'em?

Dia. Oh would he were in earnest!

Cel. She's fond of me, and I must blow that flame,
Do any thing to make her hate my *Bellmour*,

——But Madam, I'm impatient for your Story,
That after that, you may expect my service.

Dia. The Treatment you this Night have given a distressed Maid, enough ob-
liges me; nor need I tell you, I'm Nobly born, something about my dress, my
looks and mien, will doubtless do me reason.

Cel. Sufficiently——

Dia. But in the Family where I was Educated, a Youth of my own Age, a
Kinsman too, I chanc'd to fall in Love with, but with a Passion, my Pride still
got the better of, and he, I thought repaid my young desires: But Bashfulness
on his part, did what Pride had done on mine, and kept his too conceal'd.——
At last my Uncle, who had the absolute dominion of us both, thought good
to Marry us together.

Cel. Punish him Heav'n, for a Sin so great.
——And are you Married then?

Dia. Why is there Terror in that word?

Cel. By all that's Sacred, 'tis a word that kills me,
Oh say thou art not;
And I, thus low will fall, and pay thee Thanks.

F

[*Kneels.*
Dia.

Dia. You'll wish indeed I were not, when you know
How very, very wretched it has made me.

Cel. Shou'd you be telling me a Tale all day,
Such as would melt a heart that ne'er could love,
'Twould not increase my Reason for the wish
That I had dy'd e're known you had been Married.

Dia. So many soft words from my *Bellmour's* mouth
Had made me mad with joy, and next to that,
I wish to hear 'em from this Youth;
If they be real, how I shall be reveng'd!

—But why at my being Married should you sigh?

[*Aside.*

Cel. Because I love, is that a Wonder, Madam?
Have you not Charms sufficient at first sight
To wound a heart tender and young as mine?
Are you not heavenly fair?—oh there's my grief—
—Since you must be anothers.

Dia. Pray hear me out, and if you love me after,
Perhaps you may not think your self unhappy.
When Night was come, she long'd for Night, and all
Retir'd to give us silent room for joy.—

Cel. Oh I can hear no more!—by Heav'n I cannot.
—Here—stab me to the heart—let out my life,
I cannot live, and hear what follow'd next.

Dia. Pray hear me, Sir—

Cel. Oh you will tell me he was kind—
Yes, yes—oh God—were not his balmy Kisses,
Sweeter than Incence offer'd up to Heaven?
Did not his Arms, softer and whiter far
Than those of *Jove's* transform'd to Wings of Swans,
Greedily clasp thee round—oh quickly speak,
Whil'st thy fair rising Bosom met with his;
And then—oh—then—

Dia. Alas Sir! What's the matter—sit down a while.

Cel. Now—I am well—pardon me, lovely Creature,
If I betray a Passion, I'm too young
To've learnt the Art of hiding:

—I cannot hear you say that he was kind.

Dia. Kind, yes, as Blaſts to Flow'rs, or early Fruit;
All gay I met him full of youthful heat,
But like a damp, he dash'd my kindled flame,
And all his Reason was—he lov'd another,
A Maid he call'd *Celinda*.

Cel. Oh blessed Man!

Dia. How, Sir?

Cel. To leave thee free, to leave thee yet a Virgin.

Dia. Yes, I have vow'd he never shall possess me.

Cel. Oh how you bleſs me—but you still are married,

And

And whil'st you are so—I must languish——

Dia. Oh how his softness moves me!

[*Aside.*

----But can all this disorder spring from Love?

Cel. Or may I still prove wretched.

Dia. And can you think there are no ways
For me to gratifie that Love?

What ways am I constrain'd to use to work out my Revenge.

[*Aside.*

Cel. How mean you, Madam?

Dia. Without a Miracle, look on my Eyes——

----And Beauty-----which you say can kindle Fires,

----She that can give-----may too retain desires.

Cel. She'll Ravish me-----let me not understand you.

Dia. Look on my Wrongs——

Wrongs that would melt a frozen Chastity,

That a Religious Vow had made to Heaven.

----And next survey thy own perfections.

Cel. Hah——

Dia. Art thou so young, thou canst not apprehend me?

Fair bashful Boy, hast thou the pow'r to move,

And yet not know the bus'ness of thy Love?

Cel. How in an instant, thou hast chill'd my blood,
And made me know no Woman can be good?

'Tis Sin enough to yield-----but thus to sue
Heaven-----'tis my bus'ness----and not meant for you.

Dia. How little Love is understood by thee,

'Tis Custom, and not Passion you pursue;

Because enjoyment first was nam'd by me,

It does destroy, what shou'd your flame renew;

My easie yielding does your fire abate,

And mine, as much your tedious Courtship hate.

Tell Heaven----you will hereafter sacrifice,

----And see how that will please the Deities:

The ready Victim, is the Noblest way,

Your Zeal and Obligations too, to pay.

Cel. I think the Gods wou'd hardly be ador'd,

If they their blessings shou'd, unaskt, afford;

And I that Beauty can no more admire;

Who e're I sue, can yield to my desire.

Dia. Dull Youth, Farewel;

For since 'tis my Revenge that I pursue,

Less Beauty and more Man, as well may do.

[*Offers to go.*

Enter Friendlove disguis'd, as one from a Camp.

Cel. Madam, you must not go with this mistake.

[*Holds her.*

Friend. Celinda has inform'd me true----'tis she----

Good morrow Brother, what so early at your devotions?

Cel. O my Brother's come, and luckily relieves me.

[*Aside.*

Friend. Your Orizons are made to a fair Saint.

—Pray, Sir, what Lady's that?

Or is it blasphemy to repeat her name?

—By my bright Arms, she's fair—With what a charming Fierceness, she charges through my body to my heart.

—Death! how her glittering Eyes give fire, and wound! And have already pierc'd my very Soul!

—May I approach her Brother?

Cel. Yes, if you dare, there's danger in it tho', She has Charms that will bewitch you.

—I dare not stand their mischief. [*Ex.*]

Friend.—Lady—I am a Soldier—yet in my gentlest terms I humbly beg to kiss your lovely hands—

—Death! there's Magick in the touch.

By Heaven, you carry an Artillery in every part.

Dia. This is a Man indeed fit for my purpose. [*Aside.*]

Friend. Nay, do not view me, I am no lovely object.

I am a Man bred up to Noise and War,

And know not how to dress my looks in smiles;

Yet trust me, fair one, I can love and serve

As well as an *Endymion*, or *Adonis*.

Would you were willing to permit that service.

Dia. Why, Sir?—What cou'd you do?

Friend. Why—I cou'd die for you.

Dia. I need the service of the living, Sir.

But do you love me, Sir?

Friend. Or let me perish, flying from a single Enemy.

I am a Gentleman, and may pretend to love you,

And what you can command, I can perform.

Dia. Take heed Sir, what you say, for I'm in earnest.

Friend. Command me any thing that's just and brave; And by my Eyes 'tis done.

Dia. I know not what you call just, or brave,

But those whom I do the honour to command,

Must not capitulate.

Friend. Let him be blasted with the name of Coward, That dares dispute your Orders.

Dia. Dare you fight for me?

Friend. With a whole Army; 'tis my Trade to fight.

Dia. Nay, 'tis but a single Man.

Friend. Name him.

Dia. *Bellmour*.

Friend. Of *Yorkshire*?—Companion to young *Friendlove*, that came lately from *Italy*?

Dia. Yes, do you know him?

Friend. I do, who has oft spoke of *Bellmour*; We Travel'd into *Italy* together—But since, I hear, He fell in Love with a fair cruel Maid,

For whom he languishes.

Dia. Heard you her name?

Friend. *Diana*, rich in Beauty, as in Fortune.
Wou'd she had less of both, and more of pity.
And that I knew not how to wish, till now
That I became a Lover, perhaps as unsuccessful.

Dia. I knew my Beauty had a thousand Darts,
But knew not they cou'd strike so quick and home. [*Aside.*
Let your good wishes for your Friend alone,
Left he being happy, you shou'd be undone.
For he and you cannot be blest at once.

Friend. How, Madam?

Dia. I am that Maid he loves, and who hates him.

Friend. Hate him.

Dia. To death.

Friend. Oh me unhappy. [*Aside.*

Dia. He sighs and turns away---am I again defeated?
Surely I am not fair, or Man's insensible.

Friend. She knows me not---
And 'twas discreetly done to change my shape;

For Woman; is a strange Fantastick Creature
And where before, I cou'd not gain a smile,
Thus I may win her heart. [*Aside.*

---Say, Madam, can you love a Man that dies for you!

Dia. The way to gain me, is to fight with *Bellmour*.
Tell him from me you come, the wrong'd *Diana*.
Tell him y'ave an interest in my heart
Equal to that which I have made in yours.

Friend. I'll do't; I will not ask your Reason, but obey.
Swear e're I go, that when I have perform'd it,
You'll render me possession of your heart.

Dia. By all the Vows that Heaven ties hearts together with,
I'll be entirely yours.

Friend. And I'll not be that conscientious Fool
To stop at blessings 'cause they are not lawful,
But take 'em up, when Heaven has thrown 'em down,
Without the leave of a Religious Ceremony. [*Aside.*
Madam, this House, which I am Master of,
You shall command; whil't I go seek this *Bellmour*.

Dia. But e're you go, I must inform you why
I do pursue him with my just Revenge.

Friend. I will attend, and hear impatiently.

Scene a Bawdy-house.

Enter Mrs. Driver, and Betty Flauntit.

Flaunt. *Driver*, prethee call for a Glass, that I may set my self in order,
before I go up, for really my Knight has not been at home all this night, and
I am so confus'd-----
Enter

Enter one with a Glass, and two Wenches.

Lord Mrs. *Driver*, I wonder you shou'd send for me, when other Women are in Company; you know, of all things in the World, I hate Whores, they are the pratingst lewdest poor Creatures in Nature; and I wou'd not, for any thing, Sir *Timothy* shou'd know that I keep Company, 'twere enough to lose him.

Mrs. *Driv.* Truly Mrs. *Flauntit*, this young Squire that you were sent to for, has two or three persons more with him that must be accommodated too.

Flauntit. *Driver*, tho' I do recreate my self a little sometimes, yet you know I value my Reputation and Honour.

Fenny. Mrs. *Driver*, why shou'd you send for us where *Flauntit* is? A sinking proud Flirt, who, because she has a tawdrey Petticoat, I warrant you, will think her self so much above us, when if she were set out in her own natural colours, and her original Garments, wou'd be much below us in Beauty.

Mrs. *Driv.* Look ye, Mrs. *Fenny*, I know you, and I know Mrs. *Flauntit*, but 'tis not Beauty or Wit that takes now adays; the Age is alter'd since I took upon me this Gentile Occupation, but 'tis a fine Petticoat, right Points, and clean Garments, that does me Credit, and takes the Gallant, tho' on a stale Woman: And again, Mrs. *Fenny*, she's kept, and Men love as much for Malice, as for Leachery, as they call it. Oh 'tis a great mover to joy, as they say, to have a Woman that's kept.

Fen. Well! Be it so, we may arrive to that excellent degree of Cracking, to be kept too one day.

Mrs. *Driv.* Well, well, get your selves in order to go up to the Gentlemen.

Flaunt. *Driver*, what art thou talking to these poor Creatures? Lord, how they sink of Paint and Pox, faugh——

Mrs. *Driv.* They were only complaining that you that were kept, shou'd intrude upon the privileges of the Commoners.

Flaunt. Lord, they think there are such joys in keeping, when I vow *Driver*, after a while, a Miss has as painful a life as a Wife; our Men drink, stay out late, and Whore, like any Husbands.

Driv. But I hope in the Lord, Mrs. *Flauntit*, yours is no such Man; I never saw him, but I hear he is under decent correction.

Flaunt. Thou art mistaken, *Driver*, I can keep him within no moderate bounds without blows; but for his filthy custom of Wenching, I have almost broke him of that——but prethee, *Driver*, who are these Gentlemen?

Driv. Truly, I know not, but they are young, and fine as Princes; two of 'em were disguis'd in Masquing Habits last night, but they have sent 'em away this morning, and they're free as Emperors——one of 'em has lost a thousand pounds at Play, and never repin'd at it: one's a Knight, and I believe his courage is cool'd, for he has ferretted my Maids over and over to night——But 'tis the fine, young handfom Squire that I design you for.

Flaunt. No matter for his handfomness, let me have him that has most money. [Ex.

Scene a Chamber, a Table with Box and Dice.

Enter Bellmour, Sir Timothy, Sham and Sharp.

Bell. Damn it, give us more Wine.

[Drinks.
Where

Where stands the Box and Dice?—Why *Sham*.

Sham. Faith, Sir, your luck's so bad, I han't the Conscience to play longer—Sir *Timothy* and you play off a hundred Guineys, and see if luck will turn.

Bell. Do you take me for a Countrey Squire, whose Reputation will be crackt at the loss of a petty Thousand? you have my Note for't to my Goldsmith.

Sham. 'Tis 'sufficient if it were for ten thousand.

Bell. Why Sir *Timothy*—Pox on't thou'rt dull, we are not half debaucht and lewd enough, give us more Wine.

Sir Tim. Faith *Frank*, I'm a little maukish with sitting up all night, and want a small refreshment this morning—Did we not send for Whores?

Bell. No, I am not in humor for a Wench—

By Heaven I hate the Sex.

All but divine *Celinda*

Appear strange Monsters to my Eyes and Thoughts.

Sir Tim. What art Italianiz'd, and lovest thy own Sex?

Bell. I'm for any thing that's out of the common Road of Sin, I love a Man that will be damn'd for something! To creep by slow degrees to Hell, as if he were afraid the World shou'd see which way he went, I scorn it, 'tis like a Conventickler—No, give me a Man, who, to be certain of's Damnation, will break a Solemn Vow to a Contracted Maid.

Sir Tim. Ha, ha, ha, I thought thou wou'dst have said at least—had murder'd his Father, or ravish'd his Mother—break a Vow, quoth ye—by Fortune, I have broke a thousand.

Bell. Well said my Boy! A Man of Honour! And will be ready when e're the Devil calls for thee—So—ho—more Wine, more Wine, and Dice.

Enter a Servant with Dice and Wine.

Come, Sir, let me—

[*Throws and loses.*]

Sir Tim. What will you set me, Sir?

Bell. Cater Tray—a hundred Guineys—oh damn the Dice—'tis mine—come a full Glas—Damnation to my Uncle.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, I'll do thee reason—give me the Glas—and *Sham*, to thee—Confusion to the musty Lord.

Bell. So—now I'm like my self, prophanely wicked.

A little room for life—but such a life

As Hell it self shall wonder at—I'll have a care

To do no one good deed in the whole course on't,

Lest that shou'd save my Soul in spite of Vow-breach.

—I will not die—that peace my sins deserve not.

I'll live, and let my Tyrant Uncle see

The sad effects of Perjury, and forc'd Marriage.

—Surely the Pow'rs above envy'd my bliss,

Marrying *Celinda*, I had been an Angel!

So truly blest, and good.

[*Weeps.*]

Sir Tim. Why how now, *Frank*—by Fortune the Rogue is Maudlin—So, ho, ho, fo-ho.

Bell.

Bell. The matter?

Sir Tim. Oh art awake—What a Devil ayl't thou, *Frank*?

Bell. A Wench, or any thing—come, let's drink a round.

Sham. They're come as wisht for.

Enter Flauntit, Driver, Doll and Jenny mask'd.

Bell. Oh Damn 'em! What shall I do?

Yet it wou'd look like Virtue to avoid 'em.

No, I must venture on—Ladies, y'are welcom.

Sir Tim. How the Women?—Hold, hold, *Bellmour*, let me choose too—
Come, come, unmask, and shew your pretty Faces.

Flaunt. How, *Sir Timothy*! What Devil ow'd me a spite. [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Come, unmask, I say, a willing Wench wou'd have shew'd all in half this time.

Flaunt. Wou'd she so Impudence!

[*Pulls off her Mask.*

Sir Tim. How! my *Betty*!

Flaunt. This is the Trade you drive, you eternal Fopp, when I sit at home expecting you night after night.

Sir Tim. Nay dear *Betty*!

Flaunt. 'Tis here you spend that which should buy me Points, and Petticoats, whilst I go like no bodies Mistress, I'd as live be your Wife at this rate, so I had; and I'm in no small danger of getting the Foul Disease by your Lewdness.

Sir Tim. Victorious *Betty*, be merciful, and do not ruine my Reputation amongst Friends.

Flaunt. Your Whores you mean, you Sott you.

Sir Tim. Nay, triumphant *Betty*, hear thy poor *Timy*.

Flaunt. My poor *Ninny*, I'm us'd barbarously; and won't endure it.

Sir Tim. I've won Money to night, *Betty*, to buy thee Cloaths—hum—hum—Well said *Frank*, towle the little Jilts, they came for that purpose.

Flaunt. The Devil confound him, what a Prize have I lost by his being here—my comfort is, he has not found me out tho', but thinks I came to look for him, and accordingly I must dissemble.

Bell. What's here? A Lady all in tears!

Sir Tim. An old acquaintance of mine, that takes it unkindly that I am for change—*Betty*, say so too, you know I can settle nothing till I'm Married, and he can do it swingingly, if we can but draw him in.

Flaunt. This mollifies something, do this, and you'll make your peace; if not, you Rascal, your Ears shall pay for this night's transgression.

Sir Tim. Come hither *Frank*, is not this a fine Creature!

Bell. By Heaven a very Devil!

Sir Tim. Come, come, approach her, for if you'll have a Miss, this has all the good qualities of one—go, go—Court her, thou art so bashful—

Bell. I cannot frame my tongue to so much blasphemy, as 'tis to say kind things to her—I'll try my heart tho'—Fair Lady—Damn her, she is not fair—nor sweet—nor good—nor—something I must say for a beginning.
Come Lady—dry your Eyes. This

This Man deserves not all the tears you shed.

---So---at last the Devil has got the better of me,
And I am enter'd.

Flaunt. You see, Sir, how miserable we Women are that love you Men.

Bell. How did you love him! Love him against his will.

Flaunt. So it seems, Sir—

Bell. Oh thou art wretched then indeed, no wonder, if he hate thee—
Does he not Curse thee? Curse thee till thou'rt damn'd, as I do lost *Diana*?
[*Aside.*]

Flaunt. Curse me! He were not best in my hearing.
Let him do what he will behind my back.

What ails the Gentleman?—

Bell. Gods! What an odious thing meer Coupling is!
A thing which every sensual Animal
Can do as well as we—but prethee tell me,
Is there nought else between the Nobler Creatures?

Flaunt. Not that I know of, Sir—Lord, he's very silly, or very innocent,
I hope he has his Maidenhead; if so, and rich too, oh what a booty were
this for me!
[*Aside.*]

Bell. 'Tis wondrous strange,
Why was not I created like the rest,
Wild, and insensible, to fancy all.

Flaunt. Come, Sir, you must learn to be gay, to sing, to dance, and talk of
any thing, and fancy any thing that's in your way too.

Bell. Oh I can towfe, and ruffle, like any Leviathan when I begin—
Come prove my Vigor.
[*Towfes her.*]

Flaunt. Oh Lord, Sir! You tumble all my garniture.

Bell. There's Gold to buy thee more—

Flaunt. Oh sweet Sir—would my Knight were hang'd, so I were well
rid of him now—Well Sir, I swear you are the most agreeable person—

Bell. Am I?—let us be more familiar then—I'll kiss thy hand, thy
breast, thy lips—and—

Flaunt. All—you please Sir—

Bell. A tractable Sinner!

Faugh—how she smells—had I approach'd so near divine *Celinda*, what a natu-
ral Fragrancy had sent it self through all my ravish'd senses!
[*Offers to kiss her.*]

Flaunt. The Man's extasy'd, sure I shall take him.
[*Aside.*]
Come, Sir, you're sad.

Bell. As Angels fall'n from the Divine abode,
And now am lighted on a very Hell!
---But this is not the way to thrive in wickedness.
I must rush on to ruine—Come fair Mistress,
Will you not shew me some of your Arts of Love,
For I am very apt to learn of Beauty—Gods—
What is it I negotiate for—a Woman!
Making a bargain to possess a Woman!
Oh never, never!

Flaunt. The Man is in Love, that's certain---as I was saying, Sir--

Bell. Be gone Repentance! Thou needless goodness,
Which if I follow, canst lead me to no joys.

Come tell me the price of all your pleasures.

Sir Tim. Look you Mistress, I am but a Country Knight,
Yet I shou'd be glad of your farther acquaintance.

---Pray who may that Lady be---

Driv. Who, Mrs. *Flauntit*, Sir?

Sir Tim. I she? She's tearing fine, by Fortune.

Driv. I'll assure you, Sir, she's kept---and is a great Rarity, but to a Friend,
or so---

Sir Tim. Hum---kept---pray by whom?

Driv. Why a filly Knight Sir, that---

Sir Tim. I, I, filly indeed---a Pox upon her---a filly Knight, you say---

Driv. Ay, Sir, one she makes a very Ass of.

Sir Tim. Ay so methinks---but she's kind, and will do reason for all him.

Driv. To a friend, a Man of Quality---or so.

Sir Tim. Ay she blinds the Knight.

Driv. Alas, Sir, easily---he, poor Cully, thinks her a very Saint---but when
he's out of the way, she comes to me to pleasure a Friend.

Sir Tim. But what if the Fool miss her?

Driv. She cries Whore first, brings him upon his Knees for her fault, and a
piece of Plate, or a new Petticoat, makes his Peace again.

Sir Tim. Why---look you Mistress, I am that Fopp, that very filly Knight,
and the rest that you speak of.

Driv. How Sir? then I'm undone, she's the upholder of my Calling, the
very grace of my Function.

Sir Tim. Is she so? ee'n keep her to your self then, I'll have no more of
her, by Fortune---I humbly thank you for your intelligence, and the rest.
Well---I see there's not one honest Whore i'th Nation, by Fortune.

Enter Charles Bellmour, and Trusty.

Heark ye Mistress, what was your business here?

Flaunt. To meet a Rogue!--

Sir Tim. And I to meet a Whore, and now we're well met.

Flaunt. How Sir?

Sir Tim. Nay, never be surpriz'd, for your Intrigues are discover'd, the good
Matron of the House (against her Will) has done me that kindness---you
know how to live without your Keeper, and so I'll leave you.

Flaunt. You're too serviceable a Fool to be lost so.

[*Aside.*

Bell. Who knows this bold Intruder?

Char. How, Sir, am I a stranger to you! But I shou'd not wonder at it,
since all your last Night's actions betray'd a strange depravity of Sense.

---Sir, I have fought you long, and wish I had not found you yet, since both
the place and company declare, how grossly you've dissembled Virtue all this
while..

Bell. Take hence that prating Boy.

Char. How Sir?---You are my elder Brother, yet I may be allow'd to
do

do the bus'ness that I came for, and from my Uncle to demand your Wife.

Bell. You may return, and tell him that she's dead.

Char. Dead! sure, Sir, you Rave.

[Turns him about.

Bell. Indeed I do—but yet she's dead, they say.

Char. How came she dead?

Bell. I kill'd her—ask no more, but leave me. [Turns him about again.

Char. Sir, this is Madman's Language, and not to be believed.

Bell. Go to—y'are a sawcy Boy.

Char. Sir I'm an angry Boy—

But yet can bear much from a Brother's mouth,
Y'ave lost your sleep, pray Sir, go home and seek it.

Bell. Home! I have no home, unless thou mean'st my Grave,
And thither I cou'd with thou wou'd'st conduct me.

[Weeps.

Flaunt. Pray Heaven this young virtuous Fellow don't spoil all.

—Sir, shall I send for a Scrivener to draw the Settlement you promis'd me.

Bell. Do so, and I'll order him to get it ready.

Char. A Settlement! On whom? This Woman, Sir?

Bell. Yes, on this Woman, Sir.

Char. Are you stark mad?—Know you where you are?

Bell. Yes, in a Bawdy-house.

Char. And this Woman, Sir,——

Bell. A very Whore!—a tawdrey mercenary Whore!
And what of this?

Char. And can you love her, Sir?

Bell. No, if I did, I wou'd not gratifie her.

Char. What—~~is~~ is't in Charity to keep her honest?

Bell. Neither.

Char. Is your Lust grown so high——

Bell. Take that——

[Strikes him.

For naming but so base a thing to me.

Char. I wear a Sword, but not to draw on Mad-men.

But since y'are so free, Sir, I demand that Fortune, which, by my Father's Will,
y'are bound to pay the day after your Wedding day, my Sister's too is due.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha—Sir Timothy, come hither—who dost think this is?

Sir Tim. A Fidler perhaps—let him play in the next Room.

Bell. No, my Brother—come to demand his Portion of me—he says I
am in lewd Company, and, like a Boy, he wou'd correct me.

Sir Tim. Why this comes of idleness, thou should'st have bound him Pre-
tence in time, the Boy wou'd have made a good sawcy Taylor.

Char. Sirra, y'are a Rascal, whom I must thus chastise.

[Kicks him.

[They all draw, and Bellmour stands foremost, and fights with Charles; the
Women run squeaking out, Sir Tim. Sham and Sharp sneak behind, Tru-
sty interposes.

Trust. Hold, hold, I beseech you my dear Masters! Oh what a fight is this!
Two Brothers fighting with each other! Oh, were my old Master alive, this
wou'd break his heart: Oh, Sir, you've kill'd your Brother.

Bell. Why then his Portion's paid.

[Charles is wounded.

Sir Tim. How kill'd! Nay 'tis time we departed then, and shifted for our selves. [*Ex. Sir Tim. Sham and Sharp.*]

Trust. Oh Sir, shall I send for a Chyrurgion.

Char. No for a Coach rather, I am not wounded much. [*Ex. Trusty.*]

Bell. How dar'st thou trust thy self alone with me?

Char. Why should I fear thee?

Bell. Because I'm mad.

Mad as a Tygres rob'd of her dear young.

Char. What is't that makes you so?

Bell. My Uncles Politicks, Hell take him for't,
Has ruin'd me, thou and my Sister too.
By Marrying me to a fair hated Maid,
When I had plighted all my Faith before.

Enter Trusty.

Trust. Sir, here's a Coach.

Char. Come, Brother, will you go home with me?

Bell. Home!—no, never to that place thou call'st so.
If when I'm dead, thou would'st behold thy Brother,
And take the last Adieu from his cold Lips:
(If those so Perjur'd can deserve that kindness;)
Inquire for lost *Celinda*, at whose feet
Thou shalt behold me fall'n a Sacrifice.
Till then, I'll let mistaken Parents know
The mischiefs that ensue a broken Vow.

[*Ex. severally.*]

The End of the Fourth Act.

A C T. V. *Scene Covent-Garden.*

Enter Betty Flauntit alone.

Sure I rose the wrong way to day, I have had such damn'd ill luck every way: First to be sent for to such a Man as this *Bellmour*, and, as the Devil would have it, to find my Knight there: Then to be just upon the point of making my Fortune, and to be interrupted by that virtuous Brother of his: Then to have a quarrel happen, that (before I could whisper him in the ear, to say so much as, meet me here again—anon) forc'd me to quit the house, lest the Constable had done it for me: Then that silly Bawd thou'd discover all to my Cully; if this be not ill luck, the Devil's in't—But *Driver* must bring matters about, that I may see this liberal Squire again—But here comes my Noddy, I must pretend to be angry.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, how ye look now, as if you had committed no misdemeanor; alas, good Innocent, what canst thou say for thy self, thou Renegado thou, for being false to my bosom, say?

Flaunt. False to your bosom! You silly impudent Sott you—who dares accuse me?

Sir

Sir Tim. E'en you trusty and well beloved Friend Mrs. *Driver* the Bawd.

Flaunt. She! She's an impudent confounded Liar—and because she wou'd have your Worshipful Custom—scandaliz'd me, to breed a difference between us.

Sir Tim. I, if you cou'd make me believe that indeed, when she knew me not, nor ever saw me all the days of her life before.

Flaunt. I know that Simpleton, but when I went to inquire for you by your name, and told her my bus'ness, our Amours are not kept so secret, nor was she so dull, as not to understand how matters went between us.

Sir Tim. Now, tho' I know this to be a damn'd Lye, yet the Devil has assisted her to make it look so like Truth, that I cannot in Honour but forgive her.

Flaunt. Forgive me!—Who shall forgive you your debauch'd Whoring and Drinking—marry y'had need so, you are such a Ruffler, at least if y'are every where as you are at home with me—No, Sirra, I'll never Bed with you more; here I live sneaking without a Coach, or any thing to appear withall; when even those that were scandalous two Ages ago, can be seen in *Hide-park* in their fine Chariots, as if they had purchas'd it with a Maidenhead; whil'st I, who keep my self entirely for you, can get nothing but the Fragments of your Debauches—I'll be damn'd before I'll endure it.

Sir Tim. Just as the Bawd said, yet I am mollify'd—nay, dear *Betty*, forgive me, and I'll be very good for the future.

Flaunt. Will you swear to be so?

Sir Tim. I, by Fortune, I will.

Flaunt. Come, what will you give me then to be Friends? for you won Money last Night.

Sir Tim. Ay, that's it that appeases her highest storms—here my Jewel, here's a hundred Guineys to buy thee fine things.

Flaunt. Yes, great store of fine things, indeed, with this pittyful Sum, let me feel in your Pockets, and see if you have no more. [*She feels in his Pockets.*]

Sir Tim. So, 'twas well I laid by the rest, my Peace had not been made under every Rag on't else; and what I was painfully cheating for all this Night, would have been laid out at the Mercers and Lacemans in half an hour—Well, are you satisfy'd I have no more?

Flaunt. Have you sunk none indeed, and indeed, my *Timmy*?

Sir Tim. No, I need not, you sink mine fast enough, I thank ye.

[*Aside.*]

Flaunt. Well, get your self ready to go abroad with me.

[*Ex. Flaunt.*]

Sir Tim. I have other matters in hand—now have I Four hundred Guineys in Bank, which I won last Night of *Bellmour*, which I'll make use of to debauch his Sister, with whom I'm damnably in love, and long for the return of my two Setting Dogs, to bring me News of the Game.

Enter Sham and Sharp.

Oh are you come.

Sham. Ay, Sir, with News worth the hearing, I have been diligent, Sir, and got my self acquainted with the old Steward of the Family, an avaricious *Judas*, that will betray for Gold.

Sir Tim. And that we'll furnish him with—his Master's Gold, like all other mortal things, must return from whence it came.

Sharp.

Sharp. Not all, Sir, for *Sham* and I have dispos'd of part.

Sir Tim. Indeed you are a little shabby.

Sham. Ay, Sir, Fools were made to repair the breaches of us that have Wit enough to manage 'em.

Sir Tim. What—the Goldsmith paid the Money at sight, without demanding why?

Sharp. Readily Sir—he's a brave Fellow, and must not be lost so.

Sham. By no means, we must make use of him whilst he's hot, for I doubt the humor is not natural, and I fear he may cool.

Sir Tim. But to our Bus'ness.

Sharp. Ay, Sir, this same Sister of his you must have.

If it be but to put that insolent Whore *Flauntit* out of favour, who manages this Fopp too intirely. [*Aside.*]

Sir Tim. Ay, but art thou sure there is no danger in this Enterprize? shall I not have my throat cut? and the rest.

Sham. We have none of that *Italian* humor now adays, I can assure ye; they will sooner, with a Brotherly kindness, assist the yielding Sister to the willing Gallant.

Sir Tim. A good thriving inclination, by Fortune.

Sham. And, Sir, you have all encouragement; her Brother, you heard, refus'd to pay her Portion, and you know the Fate of a young handsome Wench in this Town, that relies on weak Virtue—then because she's in the house with her Uncle, this same Steward has contriv'd matters so, to bring you in at the Back-door, her Lodgings being in the Garden.

Sir Tim. This is something—oh I'm impatient to be with her—Well, I must in, and make some Lye to *Betty* for my absence, and be with you presently. [*Ex. Sir Tim.*]

Sharp. What design hast thou in hand? for I suppose there is no such real thing, as the debauching of this Lady.

Sham. Look ye *Sharp*, take to thee an implicit Faith, and believe impossibilities; for thou and I must cozen this Knight.

Sharp. What our Patron?

Sham. I *Sharp*, we are bound to labour in our Callings, but mum—here he comes.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Come, let's away, my Lyons begins to roar.

—You *Sharp* go seek after *Bellmour*, watch his motions, and give us notice. [*Exit.*]

Flaunt. He is gone, and I believe [*Betty Flauntit peeping out.*]
For no goodness, I'll after him, and watch him. [*Ex. crosses the Stage.*]

Enter Lord Plotwel, Charles, Trusty, and two Servants.

Lord. In a Bawdy-house, with Whores, Hesters, and Dice! Oh that I shou'd be so deceiv'd in Mankind, he whom I thought all Virtue and Sobriety! But go some of you immediately, and take Officers along with you, and remove his Quarters from a Bawdy-house to a Prison, charge him with the Murder of his Wife.

Char. My Lord, when I demanded her, he said indeed that she was dead,
and

and kill'd by him; but this, I guess, was the effects of madness, which debauchery, and want of Sleep, has brought him to.

Lord. That shall be try'd; go to the place where *Charles* has directed you, and do as I command you. [Ex. Servants.]

—Oh sweet *Diana*, in whom I had plac'd my absolute delight,
And gave thee to this Villian, because I wisht thee happy.

And are my expectations fall'n to this?

Upon his Wedding Night to abandon thee!

And shew his long dissembled natural Lewdness.

Char. My Lord, I hope, 'tis not his natural Temper,
For e're we parted, from a Brutal Rudeness,
He grew to all the softness Grief cou'd dictate.
He talkt of breach of Vows, of Death, and Ruine,
And dying at the feet of a wrong'd Maid,
I know not what he meant.

Lord. Ay, there's his grief; there is some Jilting Hussy has drawn him in;
but I'll revenge my self on both.

Enter Page.

Page. A Letter for your Lordship.

Lord Reads.

My LORD,

As your goodness has been ever great towards me, so I humbly beseech you to continue it; and the greatest proofs you can give me of it, is to use all your interest to undo that that tie between *Bellmour* and my self, which with such joy you knit. I will say no more, but as you love my Life, and my dearer Honour, get a Divorce, or you will see both Ruin'd in

Your Diana.

[Gives Charles the Letter.]

A Divorce; yes, if all my Interest or Estate can purchase it—some joy yet that thou art well.

Char. Doubtless her Reasons must be great for this Request.

Lord. Yes, for she lov'd him passionately; when I first told her of my designs to Marry 'em together, she could not hide her joy; which was one Motive, I urg'd it to him with such violence.

Char. Persons so near of Kin, do seldom prosper in the Marriage Bed.

Lord. However 'tis, I now think fit to unmarry 'em;
And as for him, I'll use him with what Rigor,
The utmost limits of the Law allows me.

Char. Sir, I beseech you.

Lord. You beseech me! You, the Brother of the Villain! That has abus'd the best of all my hopes?—no I think—I shall grow (for his sake) to hate all that belong to him.

Char. Sir how have I offended?

Lord. Yes Sir, you have offended me, and Nature has offended me; you are his Brother, and that's an offence to me.

Char.

Char. Is that a fault, my Lord?

Lord. Yes, Sir, a great one, and I'll have it so; and let me tell you, you nor your Sister (for that Reason) must expect no more friendship at my hands, than from those that are absolute Strangers to you: Your Brother has refus'd you your Portions, and I'll have as little mercy as he, and so farewell to you— But where's the Messenger that brought the Letter?

Page. Without, my Lord.

[*Ex. Lord and Page.*

Trust. Here's like to be a hopeful end of a Noble Family. My comfort is, I shall dye with grief, and not see the last of ye. [*Weeps.*

Char. No *Trusty*, I have not been so meanly educated, but I know how to live, and like a Gentleman: all that afflicts me in this misfortune, is my dear Sister *Phillis*; she's young, and to be left poor in this loose Town, will ruine her for ever.

Trust. Sir, I think we were best to Marry her out of the way.

Char. Marry her! To whom? who is't regards poor Virtue?

Trust. For that let me alone; and if you dare trust her to my management, I'll undertake to Marry her to a Man of 2000 l. a year; and if I fail, I'll be sure to keep her Honour safe.

Char. Prethee how wilt thou do this?

Trust. Sir, I have serv'd your Family these thirty years, with faith and love; and if I lose my credit now, I'll never pretend to't more.

Char. Do what thou wilt, for I am sure thou'rt honest, And I'll resign my Sister to thy conduct,

Whil'st I endeavour the conversion of my Brother.

[*Ex Char.*

Enter Phillis.

Phill. No News yet of my Brother.

Trust. None: The next you'll hear is, that he's undone, and that you must go without your Portions; and worse than that, I can tell you, your Uncle designs to turn you out of doors.

Phill. Alas! what shou'd I do, if he shou'd be so cruel? Wou'd I were in *Flanders* at my Monastery again, if this be true.

Trust. I have better bus'ness for you, than telling of Beads——
No, Mrs. *Phillis*, you must be Married.

Phill. Alas! I am too young, and sad for Love.

Trust. The younger, and the less Love, the better.

Enter Page.

Page. Mr. *Trusty*, here's a Gentleman wou'd speak with you, he says his name's Mr. *Sham*.

Trust. Gud's me Mistris, put on all your Holyday looks, for this is the little Merchant of Love by Retail, that brings you the Husband I promis'd you.

Enter Sham.

Sham. Well, Mr. *Trusty*, I have brought Sir *Timothy*, as I promis'd, he is at the Garden door.

Trust. The best time in the World, my Lord's out of the way.

Sham. But you know our Conditions.

Trust. Yes, that if he Marry her, you are to have all the Money that he offers to debauch her.

Sham. Right

Trust.

Trust. Bring him in then, and I'll civilly withdraw.

[*Ex. Trusty.*]

Enter Sham, bringing in Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Well *Sham*, thou hast prepar'd all things, and there needs no Ceremony.

Sham. None, none, Sir, you may fall down-right to the business.

Enter Phillis.

Sir Tim. Sing. Come, my *Phillis*, let us improve
Both our joys of equal Love,
Whil'st we in yonder shady Grove,
Count Minutes by our Kisses.

Phill. What sort of Courtship's this? 'tis very odd!

Sir Tim. 'Pox on Formal Foppes, we have high-born and generous Souls, and scorn the common Road——Come, let's enjoy, whil'st Youth and Beauty lasts.

Phill. What means this Rudeness? I'll tell my Brother.

Sir Tim. Your Brother, by Fortune, he's so lewd, that should I be so unconscionable to leave thee a Virgin but this Night, he would Ravish thee himself, and that at cheaper Rates than I design to do it.

Phill. How dare you talk to me at this rate?

Sir Tim. Talk to thee——by Fortune, I'll play the *Tarquin* with thee, if thou yieldest not quickly——for thou hast set me all on fire.

Phill. Defend me, Heaven, from such a Man.

Sir Tim. Then it must defend you from all the Sex, for all Mankind are like me, nay, and all Woman-kind are, or wou'd be, what I must make thee.

Phill. What's that, a Wench?

Sir Tim. Fie, fie, that's a gross name, no, a Miss, that's the word——a Lady of delight, a Person of Pleasure, and the rest, I'll keep thee, not a Woman of Quality shall be half so fine——Come, dear *Phillis*, yield. Oh I am mad for the happy hour——come, say the word, 'tis but inclining thy head a little thus——the pretty Eyes down, and thy Cheeks all blushes, and fetching a long sigh——thus——with——do——what you please——at the end on't——and I shall take it for granted.

Phill. That, Sir, you'll never hear me say to any thing but a Husband, if I must say it then.

Sir Tim. A Husband! It is enough to spoil a Man's appetite, the very naming on't——By Fortune, thou thou hast been bred with thy great Grand-mother, some old Queen *Elizabeth* Lady, that us'd to preach warnings to young Maidens; but had she liv'd in this Age, she wou'd have repented her Error, especially had she seen that I offer thee——Come, let's in, by Fortune, I'm so vigorous, I shall ravish else.

Phill. Unhand me, or I'll call out. Assure you, this is not the way to gain me.

Sir Tim. I know there is a way to gain all mortal Woman-kind, but how to hit the Critical Minute of the Berjere——

Phill. It is past your Politicks at this time, Sir.

Sir Tim. I'll try all ways, and the Devil's in it, if I don't hit upon the right at last. [Aside.]

All the soft things I've said——

Phill. That a Knight of your Parts ought to say.

Sir Tim. Then I have kneel'd——and cry'd——and swore——and——

Phill. And damn'd your self five hundred times——

Sir Tim. Yet still y^e are impregnable——I'll make another Proposition to you, which is both reasonable and modish——If it prove a Boy——I'll Marry you——the Devil's in't, if that be not fair.

Phill. You get no earnest of me, Sir, and so farewell to you. [Ex. Phillis.]

Enter Sham.

Sir Tim. Oh Sham, I am all over fire, mad to enjoy! I have done what Man can do (without doing what I wou'd do) and still she's Flint; nothing will down with her but Matrimony——what shall I do? for thou know'st I cannot Marry a Wife without a Fortune.

Sham. Sir, you know the old Cheat, hire a Lay Rascal in a Canonical Habit, and put a false Marriage upon her.

Sir Tim. Lord, that this shou'd not enter into my Coxcomb before! Haste then and get one——I'll have it done immediately, whil't I go after her to keep up my flame. [Ex. Sir Tim.]

Sham. And I will fit you with a Parson presently. [Ex.]

The Scene a Street.

Enter Friendlove disguis'd as before.

Friend. I find Diana knows me not, and this years absence, since I first made my Addresses to her, has alter'd me much, or she has lost the remembrance of a Man, whom she ever disesteem'd till in this lucky dress, the price of her Favour is Bellmour's life; I need not have been brib'd for that, his breach of Faith both to my Sister and my self, enough incites me to Revenge——He has not yet enjoy'd her, that blessing is reserv'd for me alone; and tho' the Priest have join'd 'em, that Marriage may be disannul'd, and she has a Fortune sufficient to excuse her other faults.

Enter Bellmour sad.

——Hah! the Man I seek——so near my Lodgings too——Sir?

Bell. Sir!

Friend. Traytor! thou know'st me, and my bus'ness.

——Look on this face, if thou dar'st look on him, whom thou hast doubly wrong'd——and draw thy Sword.

Bell. Thou shou'd'st be *Friendlove*, Brother to *Celinda*.

Friend. And Lover of *Diana* too——oh quickly draw,
Or I shall leave thee, like a Coward, dead.

Bell. No, rather like a Sacrifice, [Offers to embrace him.]
And thou shou'd'st be the Priest should offer it;
But that I have yet,

For some few moments, bus'ness for my life.

Friend. I can allow no time for bus'ness now,
My injuries are in haste, and so am I.

Bell.

Bell. Should'st thou stab here, a thousand gaping wounds,
Upon this false, this perjur'd heart of mine,
It wou'd not part with life, unless 'twere laid
Near to the Sacred Altar of my Vows.
Lo at the feet of my fair injur'd Wife.

Friend. Ha!—means he his Wife!

[*Aside.*

Canst thou repent thy injuries to her,
And leave the rest of all thy sins neglected?

Bell. Those I have done to thee, tho' foul and barb'rous,
May plead the excuse of force—but those to her,
Not thou, nor I, nor she, or Heav'n can pardon.

Friend. Heav'ns!

My Sisters wrongs, and mine, may plead excuse,
But those to her alone can ne're be pardon'd.
—This place, Sir, is too open—come with me,
For I've desir'd, and now resolve to kill thee.

Bell. And so thou shalt, defenceless, I will yield,
And leave my bosom, open to thy Sword.
—But first conduct me to my Wife.

For I will see her—nor can I dye unpardon'd.

Friend. See his Wife!—of whom do you demand her?

Bell. Of thee!—dar'st thou detain me?

Friend. Death! how shou'd he know she's here!

—Stay, Sir, this way our business lies.

Bell. I ask not thine, but mine lies only this way.

Friend. By Heav'n you shall not enter here!

I know thou lovest her,
And 'tis with reason thou deny'st an entrance
To one so much unworthy to approach her.

Friend. Yes, I love her, and dare own it too;
And will defend her from one so base and treacherous.

Bell. Who dares deny thy Reasons?

Friend. Sh'as made me take an Oath, to fight with thee.
And every wound, my lucky Sword shou'd make,
She bad me say, was sent thee from her hate.

Bell. Oh I believe thee! prethee tell on, young man,
That I may dye without the aid of wounds.

Friend. To break thy heart, know then, she loves another.
And has took back the Vows she made to thee,
And given 'em to a Man more worthy of 'em.

Bell. Alas! I credit thee—yet—then by Heav'n she's false!

And I will know, why 'tis she is thus perjur'd.
—Nay now—nor Heav'n, nor Hell, shall hinder me.
—Stand off, or to the number I'll add one sin more,
And make my passage to her through thy heart.

Friend. And so you shall, Sir.

—Disarm'd! by Heav'n you shall not so escape

[*They fight, Bellmour disarms
Friend, and runs in.*

A Rage that is too just here to give o're.

The Scence changes to the inside of Friendlove's Lodgings.

Enter Celinda, as before, met by Nurse.

Nur. Oh Madam, here's Mr. *Bellmour*, he has wounded my young Master, who deny'd him entrance, and is come into the house, and all in Rage demands his Wife.

Cel. Oh Heav'n! Demands his Wife! Is that sad Curfe Added to all the rest——does he then love her?

Enter Bellmour with two Swords.

Nur. Whether do you press, Sir? And what's your business?

Bell. To see my Wife, my Wife, Impertinence. And must I meet with nought but opposition?

[*Pushes her roughly away.*]

Cel. Let him come in.

Nur. Marry he lets himself in, I thank him.

Cel. What Man art thou thus cover'd o're with horror!

Bell. One sent from Hell, to punish Perjury!

——Where's this perfidious Fair? This blushing Maid!

That has by my example broke her Vows!

A Precedent that Fiends would shame to follow.

Cel. Who is't you mean, Sir?

Bell. A thing that has no name, she is so bad!

One who so lately gave her self to me,

And now is flown into another's Arms.

One that attacks my life, for the same sins,

Which she her self commits——and thinks to live too.

——Yet still she is my Wife, whom I have injur'd:

Till when, she was a Saint——come lead me to her.

Tho' she be false as I, yet I'll forgive it.

[*Throws by the Swords.*]

Cel. Heav'ns! He repents his Cruelty to her,

And never mentions me! Ah then 'tis time to die.

And that I may be sure of death——

[*Aside.*]

Well, Sir, I will conduct this happy Lady to you.

Bell. Gods! Happy!——Whilst I am wretched.

[*Ex. Cel.*]

——Oh what an Ague chills my shivering Limbs,

Turns my hot rage, to softest love, and shame,

Were I not here to die——here at her feet,

I would not stand the shock of her Reproaches.

——But yet she need not speak, a look's sufficient

To call up all my sins to my undoing——

——She comes——Oh O Heav'n! She comes——

Enter Celinda and Diana.

——Like penitent Criminals thus——with my Eyes declin'd,

I bow my head, for the last sad blow.

[*Stands bow'd.*]

Cel. Sir, in obedience to your Commands,

I've brought the Lady.

Dia. How! The perfidious *Bellmour*!

The only Object of my hate and scorn.

Bell. Say on, my angry Deity——

[*Kneels.*]

Whil'st I thus trembling hear my fatal doom,
Like Sinners, conscious, ne're to be forgiven,
I dare not lift my guilty Eyes towards Heaven.

Cel. Can I hear this? and yet retain my life!

Dia. Had I but two days since beheld this Youth
Thus prostrate at my feet, I shou'd have thought
My self more blest,
Than to have been that Deity he calls me.

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. Defend me! The Traytor here! And at *Diana's* feet,
The fittest Altar for my Sacrifice?

——Turn, turn, from what thou lovest, and meet my justice!

Cel. Oh hold, my dearest Brother! [*Bellmour rises, and turns about.*]

Bell. Nay, now I'm ready for the welcome Sword,
Since my *Celinda's* false, and cannot pardon.

Cel. Oh do not dye with that prophane opinion.
Celinda false! Or cannot pardon thee!

Dia. Stay, generous Sir, my pity has forgiven him.

Bell. Thou! Why who art thou——*Diana!*

Dia. Yes, that *Diana*,
Whom, maugre all the Penitence thou shew'st,
Can scarce forgive the injuries thou'st done her.

Bell. I shew a Penitence for injuring thee!
By Heav'n, I never cou'd do one, or other;
All that I am is the divine *Celinda's*.

Friend. He's stark mad!

Bell. But since she cannot pardon, I can die.

[*Aside.*
Offers to fall on his Sword.]

Cel. Canst thou not credit me! She pardons thee.
Live——and enjoy——*Diana.*

[*Turns her face from him.*]

Bell. What art thou? who know'st her heart so well!
Art thou my Rival? The blessed Youth to whom
She has given her Vows?——live——and enjoy——*Diana!*

——Yes——yes——thou art my Rival, and I'll kill thee.

Cel. Do, whil'st I meet thy Sword.

[*Opens her Arms, Dia. stays him,
he lets fall his Sword, and gazes.*]

Bell. Dull——dull Adorer! Not to know my Saint.
Oh how have I prophan'd? To what strange Idol
Was that I kneel'd?

Mistaking it for a Divinity!

Cel. To your fair Wife *Diana!*

Bell. Oh cruel Maid!

Has Heav'n design'd me any but *Celinda!*

Dia. Maid! Bless me!——did I then love a Woman!

——I am pleas'd thou should'st renounce me, make it good,
And set me free from Fetters which I hate.

Bell.

Bell. If all our Laws can do't I will — for here
Ends all my claim. [To *Cel.*

Friend. Was this the Wife you did demand of me?

Bell. Yes, I had no other.

Dia. Fair Maid! Forgive me all my shameful Passion!
And charge my fault upon your Beauty only.

Cel. Excellent Creature! I thou'd sue for that
Which my deceit will never make me hope.

Bell. And art thou true to Love, and all thy Vows?
Whil'st I to save my Fortune,

(That only which cou'd make me merit thee)

Gave my unwilling hand to this fair Noble Maid.

— Ah *Friendlove*, when thou hear'st my Story told,
Thou wilt forgive, and pity me.

Dia. What was't you said, Sir? *Friendlove*!

Friend. Yes, Madam, I hope the name can make no difference:
Or hate that still, so you love the Man.

Dia. Tho' I'm again defeated, yet this last
Proves least offensive, nor shall an empty word,
Alter my fix'd Resolves, to love you still.

Friend. Then I am blest!

Bell. But yet the Office of the Priest has past.
What remedy for that?

Dia. My Uncle's Pow'r; the neatness of our Blood,
The contradiction of our circumstances.

Bell. And above all that, my Contract with *Celinda*.

— Methinks I feel a joy spread o're my heart,
The blessed omen of approaching happiness.

Cel. I do believe thee; for by sympathy,
Mine takes new fire and hope.

Dia. I have already writ to my Uncle, and the Messenger assur'd me, he
would gratifie my desires; that done, I will be yours. [To *Friendlove*.

Bell. But why thus drest? it might have led my Rage
Full of despair, and jealousy, to have hurt thee.

Cel. Sir, when the Letter came of your being Married,
I will not tell you all the effects it had
Upon my desperate Soul;

But this I know, I had resolv'd to dye.

But first to see you, your Page inform'd the Nurse,

All that had past, and of the last Night's Ball;

And much concern'd, she got this Habit for me,

And inform'd me how 'twas I was to Act.

And that my Brother (describing of his drefs) was gone before;

This made me haste, lest e're I came,

His Rage had done the bus'ness which it went for.

Friend. And so it had, had'st thou not hinder'd me;
For I, Sir, was the Man, who drew on you.

Bell.

Bell. And was it thou that did'st defend my heart,
That I might live to pay thy goodness back?

Bel. It was to save your life, and to expose my own.

Dia. Come, let's in, and consult what's best for us to do.

Bell. Come my *Celinda*,

Let us no longer doubt, the Pow'rs above

Will be propitious to United Love.

[*Ex. Cel.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Plorwel* is at the door in his Coach.

Dia. My Uncle come! Sir, we will not doubt our Fortune.

But how came he to know of my being here?

Serv. Madam, I fear he follow'd me, after I had given him the Letter.

Enter Lord Plorwel, Charles, Trusty.

Lord. Bellmour and Diana kneeling!

[*Bellmour and Diana kneels.*

—Rise, the joy I have to see you thus, makes me
Resolve to grant you any thing, and pardon all that's past.

Bell. Be not so hasty in your goodness, Sir,
Left you repent as fast.

Dia. Sir, we have an humble Suit to you.

Lord. What is it ye can jointly ask, I will not grant?

Dia. By all that Love, you ever had for me,

By all those Infant Charms, which us'd to please you,

When on your Lap you taught my Tongue that Art

Which made those dear impressions on your Heart,

Which ever since to my advantage grew,

I do conjure you hear me now I sue,

And grant the mighty Grace I beg of you.

Lord. What is it you wou'd ask?

Bell. Oh dress your Face and Eyes in gentler Looks,
If you wou'd have us hope for any mercy.

Lord. Rise, and whate're you ask, I'll freely grant.

Dia. That you'll undo that knot, that ties us two.

Lord. How! this Request from thee! Who lov'd him once,
And wish'd no good beyond possessing him.

Dia. Heav'n has not, Sir, decreed us for each other.
Something of Fate or Chance

Has otherwise dispos'd those first Resolves.

Lord. Too virtuous Maid, I know thou do'st but feign,
His wickedness has forc'd thee to this change.

Dia. No, Sir, were he the only Man
Of kind and good, I never wou'd be his.

—And if you shou'd compel me, I shou'd live
The infamous Reproach of my whole Sex.

Lord. Well, and you Sir, that are the cause of this,
What canst thou say to move me for thy Pardon?

Bell. I am so guilty in your opinion,

My Prayers wou'd but make yours mercilefs;
I only say *Celinda* is my Wife,
And I shou'd injure this too generous Maid,
Not to adore her equal to her merit.

Lord. I see, Sir, you have found your Wits again.

—Well, I see there's no opposing Destiny,
And I have still such tenderness for thee, [To *Diana*.
That hadst thou pleaded this Cause to me before,
I shou'd have been less cruel to him.

—Where is that Lady which you so admire,
Whose beauty does eclipse that of *Diana*?

Bellmour goes out, and brings in *Celinda*.

Dia. This, Sir, is she, who merits more than I.

Lord. She's fair indeed; here *Frank*,
I give thee thy *Celinda*, whose Beauty
Excuses all thy faults of Disobedience.

Bell. Thus low, I thank you for this goodness, Sir.

[Kneels.

Lord. There only wants the Ceremony of the Law to undo what's between
you and *Diana*, if she remain a Virgin.

Bell. For me, by Heav'n she is;
And for the rest I do not doubt her Virtue.

Dia. You may believe him, Sir; and this alone's the Man in whom I will,
or never will be happy.

Lord. Mr. *Friendlove*, I gave consent to't, he has a Noble Character, and
what he wants in Fortune, has in Virtue——take her young Man.

Friend. 'Tis such an Honour, Sir, that (my Gratitude) without the mighty
Passion I have for her, would make me ever thankful.

Lord. This Term, we shall make the former Marriage void, till then love
on, and fear no Frowns from Fortune——but Nephew——now I hope
your Brother shall have his Portion.

Bell. My dearest *Charles*, forgive me all that's past,
And share the Fortune, Heaven has given thy Brother.

Char. The joy I have, Sir, to be undeciev'd, is much the greatest Blessing
Heav'n can send me.

Enter *Sir Timothy* follow'd by *Phillis*, *Sham*, *Sharp*, and *Betty* Flauntit.

Sir Tim. I am pursu'd by two impertinent Women; prethee *Friendlove*, tell
'em I am gone out at the Back-door, and send 'em away.

Lord. What's the News here?

Sir Tim. How *Celinda* here, and *Bellmour* too! Nay, now wou'd I compound
for my Life, at any rate, by Fortune.

Phill. Sir, this Villain here has abus'd me, and with a false Marriage has
rob'd me of my Honour.

Bell. How!

Sir Tim. My Lord, I say this young Jilt wou'd rob me of my self; and court-
ing her, and enjoying her only for a Miss, would perswade me I am Married
to her.

Flaunt. Sir, I say, I am doubly wrong'd; first by this false Knight, who
has

SIR TIMOTHY TAWDREY.

has belong'd to me these three years, which gives me a right to him, as good as if I were Married to him; who has now unlawfully left my Bed, for that of this Gillflurt, who, on the other side, takes away my Knight, and consequently eats the bread out of my mouth.

Bell. What means all this?

Speak some of ye that know.

Flaunt. Oh Lord! Who's here? The fine Squire.

[*Aside.*

Trust. Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sir, is Married to Mrs. Phillis.

Sir Tim. How can that be a Marriage, when he who join'd us, was but a hired Fellow, dress'd like a Parson?

Trust. Sir, 'twas Parson Tickle-text, that Marry'd 'em.

Sir Tim. Oh what a damn'd lying Pimp is this!—*Sham*, didst not thou hire a Fellow, (because I was damnably in Love, and in haste) to Marry us, that was no Parson?

Sham. Why truly Sir——I did go to hire such an one——

Sir Tim. Look ye there now.

Sham. But could meet with none; and because you said you shou'd die if you enjoy'd her not presently, and that she wou'd not yield on any other terms, but those of Marriage, I e'ne brought the Parson that *Trusty* had provided for you.

Sir Tim. Oh Villain to betray me! And for no Reward!

Trust. Yes indeed, Sir, the 400 Guineys you left behind my young Mistress Looking-glass fell to his share.

Sir Tim. What's my Money gone! And, I am Marry'd too! This 'tis not to use to go to Church; for then I might have chanc'd to know the Parson.

Bell. Death you Dog! You deserve to die, for your base designs upon a Maid of her quality——how durst you, Sister, without my leave, Marry that Rascal?

Phyll. Sir, you deny'd me my Portion, and my Uncle design'd to turn me out of doors, and in my Despairs, I accepted of him.

Flaunt. Married! And to a Wife of no Fortune! That's the worst part on't——what shall I do?

Bell. Renounce this lewd Fool, and I'll make thee a Fortune futable to thy quality.

Sir Tim. Say you so?——Renounce me, Sir! I'd have you to know I merit her: and as for Lewdness, I name no body, *Bellmour*——but only some have the Art of hiding it better than I——but for Whoring, Drinking, Dicing, and all the deadly sins that thereupon depend, I thank my stars, I come short of you: And since you say, I shall not have your Sister, by Fortune, I will have your Sister, and love your Sister, and lye with your Sister, in spite of you.

Lord. Well, *Sir Timothy*, since my Niece has done amiss, 'tis too late to mend it——and that you may not repent, I'll take care her Fortune shall be futable to the Jointure you'll make her.

Bell. With this Proviso that you make no Settlement to Misses, *Sir Timothy*——I am not so unreasonable to tie you up from all of that Profession;

sion; that were to spoil a fashionable Husband, and so put you quite out of Fopp-Road.

Lord. This day we'll set apart for mirth,
And all must make my house their happy home.

Bell. To thee, *Celinda*, all my good I owe,
My Life, my Fortune, and my Honour too,
Since all had perish'd by a broken Vow.

Flaunt. What am I like to lose my *Timmy*? Canst thou have the heart to
leave me for ever? I who have been true and constant to you.

Sir Tim. Alas! now I must melt again, by Fortune——thou art a Fool, do'st
think I wou'd have had her, but for her Fortune; which shall only serve to
make thee out-flaunt all the Cracks in Town——go——ho home and expect
me, thou'lt have me all to thy self within this day or two.

*Since Marriage but a larger License is
For every Fopp of Mode to keep a Miss.*

7. MA 55

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Sir Timothy Tamdrey.

Sir Timothy, Gallants, at last is come
To know his Sentence, and receive his Doom.
But pray before you are resolv'd to be
Severe, look on your selves, and then on me;
Observe me well, I am a Man of Show,
Of Noise, and Nonsense, as are most of you.
Tho' all of you don't share with me in Title,
In Character you differ very little.
Tell me in what you find a difference?
It may be you will say, you're Men of Sense,
But Faith——
Were one of you o'th' Stage, and I t' th' Pit,
He might be thought the Fopp, and I the Wit.
On equal Grounds you'll scarce know one from t'other;
We are as like, as Brother is to Brother.
To judge against me then wou'd be ill Nature,
For Men are kind to those they're like in Feature.
For Judges therefore I accept you all,
By you, Sir Timothy will stand or fall.
He's too faint-hearted that his Sentence fears,
Who has the Honour to be try'd by's Peers.

Written by Mr. E. R.

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